Sion in Distress:

OR, THE

GROANS

OF THE

PROTESTANT CHURCH

For many Ages past:

Under the Cruel Tyranny of *Popish* Persecution and Mercileſs Torments.

Containing

Her Pathetical Complaint againſt the Reigning Sins of theſe Nations, whereby God is juſtly provoked to ſend down his Judgments upon us; and ſerious Exhortations to a timely and unfeigned Repentance.

As alſo,

The *Marks* of the *Antichriſtian Romiſh Church*; the *Arraignment* of the *Scarlet Whore*, and the *Complaints* of the *Perſecuted Nations* againſt her, from the Primitive Times down to this preſent Year; with her final Doom and Sentence.

To which is added,

Sion's Relief and *Joyfull Triumph* over all her Enemies.

LONDON,
Printed for *G. Larkin* and *J. How*. 1691.

Bound Feb 1897

-2- 4

6537

11626. a. 52

Sept. 8. 1690. This may be Printed,

Rob. Midgley.

THE

Explanation of the Frontiſpiece.

A Sion. B Her Children. C The Whore of Babylon. D The Beaſt upon which ſhe rides. E Angels bear Sion up. F The two Witneſſes under the Beaſt's feet. G A Hand brandiſhes a flaming Sword. (*) Fiery darts ſhot at the Churches Enemies. H Bulls, Lyons, and ſeveral cruel Beaſts iſſue out of a Foreſt. I Locuſts attending the Beaſt. K The Pope. L A Boy with a Bell, Book, and Candle. M A Biſhop ſetting the Faggots on fire. N The Devil helps to blow. O A Pile of Faggots to burn the Church. P A Cardinal. Q A Jeſuite. R A Fryer ſetting Fire to the Pile. S The Holy Water.

THE Church in Emblem here environ'd ſtands,
Two Angels hold her ſupplicating Hands,
Who by Commiſſion from on high come down
For to preſent her with a ſtarry Crown.
The Pope, the Devil, and their Imps the while
With Torches kindle their prepared Pile.
The Beaſt is ridden by the Scarlet Whore,
She holds her Cup, and he the Church does gore.
Whilſt Sion is by ſavage Beaſts begirt,
Her frighted Children hold her by the Skirt.
But God's inflamed Sword and fiery Darts
Will pierce thoſe Monſters through their very hearts.

The Embleme of sion in Distresse

Sion in Distress:

OR, THE

GROANS

OF THE

PROTESTANT CHURCH

For many Ages past:

Under the Cruel Tyranny of *Popish* Persecution and Mercileſs Torments.

Containing

Her Pathetical Complaint againſt the Reigning Sins of theſe Nations, whereby God is juſtly provoked to ſend down his Judgments upon us; and ſerious Exhortations to a timely and unfeigned Repentance.

As alſo,

The *Marks* of the *Antichriſtian Romiſh Church*; the *Arraignment* of the *Scarlet Whore*, and the *Complaints* of the *Perſecuted Nations* againſt her, from the Primitive Times down to this preſent Year; with her final Doom and Sentence.

To which is added,

Sion's Relief and *Joyfull Triumph* over all her Enemies.

LONDON,
Printed for *G. Larkin* and *J. How*. 1691.

46
1 4
191

TO THE READER.

YOU are here presented with a *Reviv'd Poem*, and such Additions or Enlargements as make it very different from the two former Impressions. It is suited to the suffering State of the *Protestant Church*, shewing the *Causes* of her *Calamity*, with an Enumeration of *Prevailing Sins*; the *Plots* and *Contrivances* of *ROME* against *SION*; the Marks of the *Antichristian Beast* and *Scarlet Whore*, with her *Arraignment* and *Condemnation*, (illustrated in difficult places with Marginal Notes.) Also extraordinary Discoveries of the Churches Redemption, and the approaching Glory of the Latter Days.

We lately have had a plain Prospect (by the Gratious Discoveries of Providence) of those Horrid and Execrable Plots, which the restless Adversary has contriv'd against the Peace and very Being of *SION*, and which were much in

the dark when my Muſe firſt bewail'd its Condition, and ſuſpected that this *Epidemical Miſchief* (ſince reveal'd) was then a hatching.

In a Subject of Grief, a quaint and ornamental Method is not to be expected: for an abrupt and ſobbing Delivery is more natural in the Delineations of Sorrow, than a ſtudied well-poiz'd and artificial Harangue. The Subject is Divine, and too lofty for ſo weak a *Muſe*; which I hope will oblige the Generous Reader to a candid and mild Conſtruction. I have writ according to the meaſure of what I have received, and have contributed my Mite (in a well-meaning Style) to reduce us to our Selves.

Againſt the *Reigning Evils* which expoſe us to Temporal and Spiritual Enemies, many *Wholeſome Precepts* from *Scripture* and *Reaſon* are given.

The *Riſe*, *Progreſs*, and *Perſecutions* of the *Man of Sin*, are ſuccinctly delivered, with the Evidence of approved *Hiſtorians*, (ſome of them *Papiſts*) whoſe *Evidence* againſt *Themſelves* ought to be convincing. There can't be too many *Defendants* againſt ſo Vigorous an *Aſſailant* as *Rome* is.

There

To the Reader.

There are many Excellent Tracts that diſcover the *Villanies* of *Popery*, and I wiſh they were more common. It is a great comfort that the *Spirit of the Nation* is ſo much (and juſtly) incenſed againſt it. And that our *Parliament* is ſo Thorow and Reſolved to cruſh that *Intereſt*, whoſe *Principles* teach them to be to all *Hereticks* (for ſo they call *Proteſtants*) irreconcileable Enemies.

To promote the *Juſt Odium* of my *Native Countrey* againſt ſo *deſtructive* and *malignant* an *Enemy*, is (in part) the Deſign of this *Eſſay* being now continued to this preſent year 1691; (and being of a ſmall bulk and price, may poſſibly come into more hands than larger Volumes.) If it contributes any thing in order to that End, it anſwers the Expectation of

Your Souls Well-Wiſher.

To his Friend the

AUTHOR,

ON

The First Impression.

WHat Muse is this, that thus inspires thy Brain,
And leads thy Genius *to so high a Strain?*
Must thy aspiring Fancy now rehearse
Thy Mothers Groans in an Elegiack Verse?
Is Prose too mean and unregarded now,
That still in Verse thou let'st the World know how
SION's *abus'd by* Rome's *Infernal Crew?*
How in her Bloud they did their hands imbrew?
Let thy Endeavours prosper: Let them prove
To be Rome's *shame: A Token of thy Love*
To thy Distressed Mother, (once the scorn
Of black-mouth'd Imps, who are of Satan born.)
Aspiring Soul! What from her Sorrows climb
To a Prophetick Spirit in thy Rhime!
Thou didst foretell she should deliver'd be
From all those Bloudy Beasts, whom thou didst see
God will destroy, and will thy Mother make
Heav'ns Glory, and Earths Joy, for his Names sake.
Jehovah *bless thy Work, this Book, though small,*
And make it prove a Preface to Rome's *Fall.*

Vale.

To my Friend the AUTHOR, UPON His Reviv'd Poem.

HEre's Grief in Rapture! Who could thus infuse
All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian *Muse*
Such Sacred Rhapsodies *could e'er inspire:*
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's *Quire.*
No Inspiration from the Thespian *Spring,*
Does teach our Poet *in this mode to sing.*
He sucks no Hippocrene, *nor feeds upon*
The fancy'd Dew of Pagan Helicon.
He mounts no Pegasus, *nor gathers Drops*
Distill'd by Clio *from* Parnassian *Tops.*
These are but Whimsies----Some Seraphick Fire
His Muse did with this Mourning Song inspire
Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief,
Weep Tears in Verse, when SION *wants Relief?*
Such as from Art *their lofty Strains do borrow,*
Do but describe an Artificial *Sorrow:*
But his is purely Natural: *for we*
Perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy.
His clear discerning *Soul her danger sees*
Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees.
He gives us Warning to prevent the Stroke,
To leave our Sins, and Mercy to invoke.

Here's a Prophetick Glaſs, *where we may view*
The ſwift Deſtruction that will (elſe) enſue.
But Friend, *we thank thee that thou haſt not left us*
Without ſome hope, nor has thy Book bereft us
Of Conſolation; for the SCARLET WHORE
Is there ſo ſentenc'd, that She'll riſe no more.

SION

SION in DISTRESS:

OR, THE

GROANS

OF THE

Protestant Church.

SION.

WHat dismal *Vapour* (in so black a form)
Is this, that seems to *Harbinger* a Storm?
What pitchy *Cloud* invades our starry Sky,
To stop the Beamings of the World's *Great Eye?*
What spreading Sables of *Egyptian* Night,
Would rob the Earth of its Illustrious Light?
What interposing *Fog* obscures our *Sun?*
What dire *Eclipse* benights our *Horizon?*
Is *England's* Great and Royal *Bridegroom* fled?
Is its *Aurora* newly gon to bed?
That scatter'd Clouds make such *prodigious* haste,
Combine in one, and re-unite so fast?
Clouds that so lately *dissipated* were,
Do now conspire to make a *Darker* Air!
I mourn *unpity'd*, groan without *Relief!*
No *bounds* nor *measures* terminate my grief!
The *Sluces* of mine Eyes are too too *narrow*
To vent the Streams of my increasing *Sorrow.*

Ebbs follow swelling Flouds, and Vernal Days
Adorn the Fields that Winter disarrays:
All States and things have their alternate ranges,
As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
All Revolutions, hurries to and fro,
At length some Rest and settlement do know.
But helpless I, have often look'd about,
To find some Ease, or Soul-Refreshment out;
Yet can I see no prospect of *Relief*,
But *swift Additions* multiply my grief.
As *Pilgrims* wander in their deep distress
Amongst the wild rapacious *Savages*,
In pathless Desarts, where the midnight howls
Of hungry *Wolves*, mixt with the screech of *Owls*,
And *Ravens* dismal croaks, salute the Ears
Of poor erratick trembling *Passengers*:
So I'm surrounded, so the *Beasts of Prey*
Conspire to take *my Life* and *Name* away.
My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint
For want of vent; I'm pregnant with complaint.
No Age nor Generation but has known
Some part of this my just and grievous moan.
But now I'm far more dangerously charg'd;
By *Balder Foes* my sorrows are enlarg'd:
A hellish Tribe from black *Avernus* flew,
That, *Bloud-hound*-like, me and my Lambs pursue.
Lord *JESUS* come! O let my Cries invoke
Thy sacred presence to divert the stroke.
Are all my Friends withdrawn? what, is there none
Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan?

Sion's Friend.

WHat dolefull noise salutes my wondring Ear?
What grief-expressing Note is that I hear?
Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry,
Bespeak's some one in great extremity.

The

The ſhrilneſs of the mournfull Voice beſpeaks
A Womans loud and unregarded Shrieks.
The more her deep and piercing ſobs I heed;
The more my Heart in ſympathy does bleed.
Ah! who can find her out? who can make known
The Author of this Heart-relenting Moan?
Doubtleſs, though Grief now ſeizes thus upon her,
She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour;
Of Royal Stem, extracted from Above,
Nurs'd in the Chambers *of the Fathers* Love;
Eſpouſed to a moſt Illuſtrious Prince,
Who over all has Juſt Preheminence,
Monarch of Monarchs——Sion! *Is it Thou!*
O mourn, my Soul! O let my Spirit bow!
Let all that love the Bridegroom *ſigh for grief;*
For Sion *weeps as one paſt all Relief.*
But why, O Sion, *ſince thou art belov'd*
Of Heavens Supreme, *art thou ſo ſadly mov'd?*
Why Arms expanded, *thus implore the Skies?*
Why ſtreaming Rivulets, *flow from thine eyes?*
This makes me wonder——

Sion.

——MY *forlorn* Eſtate
Is poor, unpitty'd, mean and deſolate;
I long have wander'd in the *Wilderneſs*
Involv'd in trouble, kept in ſore *Diſtreſs*,
In *Caves*, abſconding from the *horrid Rage*
Of *Savage Beaſts*, until this *later Age*
I made Attempts to look a little *Out*,
The *Monſter* ſpy'd me, and does ſearch about;
The Roaring *Bloud-Hounds*, greedy on the ſcent,
To *kill*, or *drive* me back again, are bent.
No *Interval* of Peace, no Reſt they give,
Pronounce me *curſed*, and *not fit to live*:

A *Dragon* fell, combined with the *Beaſt*
To *gore* my *Sides*, and ſpoil my *Intereſt*.
Th' old *Lion*, *Lionneſs*, and *Lion's Whelp*,
With dreadfull Jaws, the other *Beaſts* do help.
Dogs, *Bulls*, and *Foxes*, *Bears* and *Wolves* agree
To rend, to tear, and make a ſpoil of me.
I that have been ſo delicately bred,
My Children at a Royal Table fed;
Am now expos'd to the Infernal Spite
Of ſuch as do in Fire and Bloud delight.
Plots hatch'd in *Hell* and *Rome!* that black *deſign*
To *ſtab a Monarch*; and to undermine
Our Ancient *Laws*, ſubvert *Religion*, and
Bow *England's* Neck to *Antichriſt's* command;
Were but *Preludiums* to that diſmal *Urn*
(As martyr'd heaps in flaming *Smithfield* burn)
Deſign'd for *Proteſtants*, and all the Reſt
Who hate *Rome's* Idol, th' *Image of the Beaſt*.
I am the *Mark* the Monſters aim at: All
Their grand deſigns were to contrive my *fall*.
If Friends or others any Favours ſhow,
They ſtraight conſpire to work their *Overthrow*.
Ah vile *Conſpiracy!* Ah curſed *PLOT!*
So deeply laid! How canſt thou be *forgot*?
Hells grand *Intreagues* ne'er introduc'd a *Brat*
Into the World, ſo horrible as that.
Since *Rome* the Weſtern cheated *Monarchs* rid,
A *Rampant WHORE*, the horned Beaſt beſtrid.
Diſgorging *Plots*, employing helliſh *Actors*:
May all our *Off-ſpring* Execrate ſuch *Factors!*
Sion forlorn! How very few regard
Thy *cries* and *tears*, mens *hearts* are grown ſo hard!
In Reſtleſs Hurries, toſt with every Wind,
No Eaſe, no Peace, no Comfort can I find.
The horrid Aſpect of theſe *Monſters* do
Affright my *Children*, ſome they worry too;

On some they *seize*, like greedy *Beasts* of prey,
And to their *Dens* the *Sacrifice* convey.
Renowned *GODFREY!* (whose immortal glory,
Martyr'd for me, shall ever live in Story)
Let every Loyal *Eye* that sees it there,
Yield to his Name the Tribute of a *Tear*.
Brave Soul! Thy Love and Loyalty do claim
That *King* and *People* should record thy *Name*,
As *England's Victim*, ne'er to be forgot,
Fast'ning on *Rome* an everlasting Blot.
The Great *Jehovah*, who is onely Wise,
Permits thy Fall as a sweet Sacrifice.
Thy Barb'rous Murther has made clearly out
That *Plot* which none but *Infidels* can doubt.
Those bloudy *Varlets*, black *Assassinates*,
Curs'd Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,
Drunk with *Infernal Cruelty*, made Thee
A *Specimen* of *England's* Tragedy.
By Thee we learn what *Courtesie* to hope
From *Romish Butchers*, Vassals to the *Pope*.
Thou led'st the Van, to fall into the *Trap*,
From whence they say no *Protestant* shall 'scape.
Pure Innocence Trepann'd, amongst them came,
Without suspicion, (like a harmless Lamb)
Whilst they, like hungry *Tygers*, ready stood
T'embrue their *Tallons* in thy guiltless *Bloud*.
Thou little thought'st such an Infernal Snare
Had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware!
'Tis strange, *say some*, what *Reason* should *engage*
Them to make Thee the *Object* of their Rage?
The Cause was thus: The *Babylonish Whore*,
Big with a *Bastard*, long'd (as heretofore)
For *Christian Bloud*; her Favourites made haste,
In her great need to help her to a *Taste*;
Of choicest Liquors this she calls the first,
To chear her sinking heart, and quench her thirst.

Fearing

Fearing *Miscarriage*, when her Spirits faint;
She drinks the *hearts Bloud of some martyr'd Saint*:
Than *Horse-leech* more insatiable, she cries,
Give, give me that, or nothing will suffice
My Craving Breast; *my pleasure must be done*:
This Heretick *was a Pragmatick One*;
He knew my Secret Clubs, *and would reveal*
My Tragick Plots: *We must* prevent *his Zeal*.
We'll strangle *Him, before He gives a glimpse*
Of our Designs, *or countermines our* Imps.
Ah *Brutish Whore!* of *Cannibals* the worse;
This *bloudy Draught* has brought an endless Curse
On thee: And lasting *Calendars* we see
Records this Instance of thy Cruelty.
This *Loyal Knight* ne'er injur'd you, but stood
Discharging *Justice* for his Countreys good.
Will nought but Bloud of *Protestants* give ease
Or quench your *thirst*? What mischievous *Disease*
Infects your *Bowels*? Must your Churches Food
Be *flesh of Saints*? *Your mornings-draught, their*
Felonious Strumpet! Must you be so bold, (*bloud*?
To steal by night into your Neighbours *Fold*?
Seize on my *Lambs*? Thy *Theft* and *Cruelty*,
As well as *Murther*, shall revenged be.
But since He's *gone*, and *Justice* does pursue
With eager steps th' *Assassinating* Crew,
We'll acquiesce: For *Heaven* seems to call
For Tears Cessation at his *Funeral*:
Let Christians offer, through the Universe,
Whole *Hecatombs* upon his bleeding Herse.
And could their Tears increase into a Floud,
'Twere no excess —So much I prize his Bloud.
But *other* grounds of Grief are in mine Eye,
Which cause my Sorrows to advance so high,
That my o're-burthen'd Heart can scarce express
The nature of my *inward* Heaviness.

Sion's

Sion's Friend.

SIon, *Thy sad and bitter Lamentation*
Does move my very Soul unto Compassion:
But say, what Cause *does aggravate your Fears,*
And thus provokes *to further Cries and Tears?*

Sion.

IF that my *Head were Waters,* and each *Eye*
A brim-full *Fountain,* I could drein 'em dry.
I'm steep'd in *brackish Flouds,* nay almost drown'd
To see how *Sin does ev'ry where abound.*
Where e'er I am, I nought can see or hear,
But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.
It breaks my heart that *England* thus should be
A *Scene* for *Actors* of Debauchery.
What *perpetrations* of the *blackest* Crimes
Appear not *barefac'd* in our present times?
Though God (incens'd) has fearfull *Judgment* sent
To *humble* men, and move them to *repent*;
Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,
And aggravate their horrid Insolence;
Seeming to bid Defiances to Heaven,
Scorning to take the dreadfull *Warnings* given.
The sweeping *Plague* (that Messenger of VVrath)
In such as 'scap'd, small Reformation hath
Produc'd! Nor has the desolating *Fire*
(A perfect Token of God's flaming *Ire*)
Remov'd the *City's Pride*; 'twas great before,
And now it seems to multiply much more.
Fantastick *Garbs,* and *Antick* Modes declare
How much from *Pride* their *Souls* reformed are;
Though *want,* though *poverty,* and loss of *Trade,*
Do many Men and Families invade;
Yet do they vaunt in *pride* and *luxury,*
As if they had vast *Mines* of Treasures by.

Some

Some know not what to *eat*, nor how to *go*,
Yet on the *Poor* will no Compassion show:
(Whose unregarded *Cries*, unheeded *Moans*,
Whose unrelievd *Distress*, unpitydd *Groans*,
Can scarce extort a Mite) such do not grudge
To purchase Hell at deerest Rates, and drudge
To please their brutish lusts, who void of measure
Consume Estates to *wantonize* in Pleasure,
Tumbling in Riot (as proud *Dives* sate)
Whilst *Lazarus* lies starving at the Gate.

A Complaint of Oaths.

Volleys of *Oaths*, with horrid Blasphemy,
And dreadfull Cursings, in mine Ears do cry.
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,
Observe the mode how they each other greet.
What new-coin'd *oaths*, what modish *execrations*?
What damning, sinking, horrid Imprecations
Do they disgorge? The Serpent's fiery hiss,
That belches Sulphur from the black Abyss,
Can scarce out-do this Ranting Tribe, who count
The Man Genteel that is most paramount
In wickedness; he that blasphemes aloud
Christ's bloud and wounds, is Courtier alamode.
How can th' abused Earth but gape again,
To swallow quick vile Wretches so prophane!
Can Heavens great Artillery so long
Forbear the Treasons of a mortal Tongue?
Jehovah's Attributes so vilely us'd!
His sacred Essence and his Name abus'd,
Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curses frame,
And Sins that never had before a Name.
Graduates in Courtship are preferr'd, who made
Most quick proficience in a hellish Trade:
Such rant and roar, such revel, domineer,
As if nor God nor Devil they did fear.

Appro-

Approaching dangers cann't disturb their pleasure
But still they sin until they fill their measure.
Judgments deferr'd, in evil makes them bold,
Despising such by whom they are controll'd.
As if th' avenging Hand their Lives did spare,
Thus to provoke Him without dread or fear.
But poor Blasphemer, when thou art past by,
'Tis not t'indulge thee in iniquity.
Think'st thou the God of Purity does like
Such ways, because he yet forbears to strike?
Do'st think a gloomy interposing Cloud,
From God's all-searching Eye can be thy shroud?
Or that because he is enthron'd on high,
Thy Deeds of Darkness He cannot espy?
Or since his Judgments are so long delaid,
Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid?
Wilt thou His Patience without end abuse,
Slight true Repentance, and His Grace refuse?
If so, thy Judgment hastens——For a Rod
Will quickly reach thee from an angry God.
Because of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn,
For which my Soul much inward grief has born.

Sion distress'd by Drunkenness.

Do'st thou not see how filthy *Drunkenness*
Does reign in City, and in Villages?
Some *reel* and *wallow in the street*, like *Swine*,
Whilst *others boast their strength* in *drinking Wine*:
Although to such, God doth *denounce a Curse*,
They mind it not, but still grow worse and worse.
Dread not Examples of God's wrath at all,
Nor what to Drunkards does so oft befall:
Altho God's Word has dreadfull Warnings given,
That Drunkards never shall inherit Heaven,
But that their lot shall with damn'd Spirits be,
In Chains of Darkness to Eternity.

They

They drink, carouſe, and waſt their jolly breath,
Upon the brink of *Everlaſting Death.*
VVhate'er enſues, they are reſolv'd they will
Carouſe full Goblets, and be filthy ſtill.
Thus men by *Pride*, by *Oaths*, by *Worldlineſs*,
By *daily ſwallowing Liquour to exceſs*,
Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,
To cauſe his Vengeance on the Land to ſmoak.
Sin ſets the door wide open, and makes way
For all the Sorrows of th' approching day.
Theſe are in part the cauſe of *England's* VVo,
And will (if Grace prevents not) it undo.
But there are other hainous Sins behind,
VVhich pierce my Bowels, and perplex my mind.

A complaint of Whoredom, Adultery, &c.

Did filthy *Luſt* and *Whoredom* ever rage
VVith more ſucceſs than in the preſent Age?
Abominations of ſo vile a Name,
That their bare mention is indeed a ſhame.
VVhat Sin more hateſull in *Jehovah's* Eye,
Than this of *Whoredom* and *Adultery*?
'Tis rank'd as Chief, and marches in the Van
Of all the groſs Debaucheries of Man,
In thoſe black Muſter-Rolls God does record
Of grand Offences in his holy VVord.
VVhat more affronts the *Second Table*? Or,
Provokes the Lord? No fitter Metaphor
Could be produc'd t'expreſs *Idolatry*,
Than that abhorred Name, *Adultery*.
Beſides the Terrors of Gods fiery VVrath,
VVhich judges ſuch to everlaſting Death;
On Earth, amongſt all ſober men, they gain
So vile a blot, ſo infamous a ſtain,
As all the Waters in the *Sea* can nev'r
Wipe off, nor can it be forgot for ever.

But O what diſmal Conſequences wait
For ſpeedy entrance at the wretches gate!
For lewd Embraces of laſcivious Dames
Will rot their *bones*, breed cankers in their *names*,
Beget conſumption in Eſtate and Purſe,
Produce Deſtruction, and a certain Curſe:
The common ends that ſuch arrive unto,
Are foul Diſeaſes, Beggery and VVo.
They're ſottiſh Fools (ſays wiſe *Demoſthenes*)
That buy Repentance at ſuch Rates as theſe:
That ſin, to pleaſe an Enemy, that ſtrives
To damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives.
God in his Sacred * Ordinances hath * *Lev.*
Appointed ſuch to an immediate Death. 20. 10.
Would men but judge it as their greateſt Foe,
They'd never love, nor hug it as they do.
Each Sex is bad, but women ſeem to be
The very Brokers of Immodeſty;
Which makes that paſſage to be born in mind,
A wiſe and vertuous Woman who can find?
Your *City-Dames* and *Ladies* are on fire
With wanton paſſion, and unchaſt deſire;
Providing Meats on purpoſe to inflame
Their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted ſhame.
Bare Breaſts and naked Necks, a Harlots Dreſs,
Are ſtrong Temptations unto Wickedneſs.
All other ſins (th' Apoſtle does declare)
Which men commit, without the Body are:
But this abominable Act alone,
Againſt his Body by a man is done.
Marriage to all, the Undefiled Bed,
Is Honourable; he that will, may wed:
But Whoremongers God judges, and they ſhall
Be caſt into the Lake, both great and ſmall.
The *Wiſeman* calls th' *Adulterer*, *A Fool*;
And well he may, for he deſtroys his Soul.

No

No Sots like them, for branded, still they show
The marks of Folly whereso'er they go.
O how th' unclean and bruitish man exceeds
Inferiour Sinners in reproachfull Deeds!
My Grievances are many, and my Fear
Is more than my distressed Soul can bear:
My panting Breast and aking Heart is sad,
To think of what I further have to add.

Sion distress'd by Atheism.

But O amazing Master-piece of wonder!
That's like to rend my very heart a sunder,
When I consider that an Age of Light
Produces Monsters blacker than the Night:
A *cursed Tribe* of wretched *Atheists* dare,
Without all *Dread* and *Reverential Fear*,
Strike at the *Essence* of the *Great Jehove*,
And all the *Glories* that reside Above:
As if *mere Fancies of a Cloudy Brain*,
And *all Religion* an *Intrigue of Man*:
That dare pronounce all *Evangelick Law*
A Trick of State to keep the World in awe.
Creating Idols in their Brains; that even
Make mocks of *Hell*, and a *mere scorn* of *Heaven*:
But can such *Fancies* challenge an abode
Within your Hearts, to *disbelieve a GOD*?
On th' *Universal Fabrick* cast an Eye,
The Sea, the Earth, and the expanded Sky:
Can so Sublime Illustrious an Effect
Be form'd without a Glorious Architect?
If Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Laws
Pronounce Effects resulting from a Cause,
Whose Order leads us to Infinity,
Sure Arguments of a Divinity.
Created Things must a Creator have;
And that Beggeter who first Being gave

To

To Eſſences produc'd, can't be Begot;
He's therefore GOD, and other elſe is not.
This *Cauſa Prima*, without Time or Date,
Is he that did all Entity create.
The Firſt could not Himſelf create; ſo He
Muſt have His Eſſence from Eternity.
Who can make *Phœbus* his ſwift Courſe reverſe?
Or balance in his Palm the Univerſe?
Who can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?
If none can do't, than none can GOD define.
Firſt Principles are beyond Definition;
No Logick reaches at ſo high a Viſion:
'Tis unreveal'd to Reaſon, for no ſtrain
Of lofty Metaphyſicks can contain
Thoſe Myſteries; true Wiſedom therefore hath
Commanded Reaſon to give room to Faith.
If what we ſee had not a firſt Creator,
Then 'tis its own immediate Operator;
If ſo, it acts before it had a Being:
But ſuch Concluſions are too diſagreeing
With Reaſons Maxims: For all things that be,
May ſay they are their own Divinity,
If each can make it ſelf, and that which can
Create it ſelf, can ſo it ſelf ſuſtain
In Infinitum, and will ne'er diſſolve
Its ſelf; for Nature's principal Reſolve
Is, That no Eſſence will forbear to be,
If it can keep up its own Entity.
This ſtrain of Atheiſtick Sophiſtry
Makes all of equal Independency,
Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theam,
Without Inferior, making all Supreme.
FIRST CAUSE ſuppoſes *Time*, and *Time* ſuppoſes
Some *ſecond Acts*, which *After-time* diſcloſes.
So view their Series, you may trace them all
(As Links in Chains) to their Original,

The

The Great *JEHOVAH*, whoſe unfathom'd Glory
Is emblem'd in the Univerſe before ye.
There is a thing in Man call'd *CONSCIENCE*,
Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,
Whether he likes or not: That's ready ſtill
To check the Courſe of his diſorder'd Will:
It is Eccentrick to his ſenſual Part,
Arraigns his Words, his Deeds, his very Heart;
And if it finds they be irregular,
It does purſue them with continual War.
What can this Juſt, this Inward Witneſs be,
But ſome bright Beam of a Divinity?
In former Times was not *Jehovah* known
By Miracles which viſibly were ſhown?
Can Reaſon brag that Cauſes Natural
Could raiſe the Dead? Or that a Word can call
An *Intomb'd Carcaſs* to behold the Light?
Make *ſound* a *Cripple*? give the *blind* their *ſight*?
If not, then ſurely it will follow hence,
That 'tis an *Act* of ſome *Omnipotence*:
That ſuch were done we have the *Common Vote*
Of *Pagans*, *Jews*, and all the *Men of Note*;
Whoſe *Works* are extant, whom we may believe,
Becauſe they had no *Int'reſt* to *deceive*. (hear,
Whence come thoſe *Judgments* which you daily
Of *Wrath* and *Vengeance* darted every where
Againſt *Prophaners* of that *Sacred Name*?
Whence come thoſe *Arrows*, that *Conſuming flame*
Which terrifies the World? & whence the *breath*
That ſtrikes *Blaſphemers* with a *ſudden Death*?
Which of theſe *rare Philoſophers* can ſhow
What makes the *Spacious Deep* to *ebb* and *flow*?
Let them produce their *Maxims*, if they can,
How ſcatter'd Atoms can compoſe a Man?
Who *brandiſhes* thoſe *blazing Signs* of *Wonder*?
Who *frights the Earth* with *rapid peals* of *Thunder*?

Who

Who did defeat the *Fatal Enterprize*
Which *Rome*, by *Devils Counsel*, did devise?
Who sets the *Comet* in the *angry Sky*,
Those *dismal Harbingers of Misery*?
God does *Himself* by many *Ways* make known;
Forewarning Men of what's a coming on:
Yet *Senseless Mortals* faulter more and more,
Though *hovering Vengeance* threaten at the Door;
Deceit, *Soul-killing-Errours*, *Perjury*,
Injustice, *Murther*, *Theft*, *Hypocrisie*,
Do so abound through our enlightned Isle,
That *Sodom* hardly e'er appear'd more vile.

A Complaint against Hypocrites.

I am not onely persecuted by
My *Open Foes*, but *Lurking Snakes* do lie
Within my Bosom, using all their Art
To seize my Vitals, and corrode my Heart.
Such *seeming Friends*, such *Traytors* in *disguise*,
Are more malignant than *known Enemies*:
For the Attaques of *These* a man may ward;
Those, unsuspected, stand within our Guard.
How many seem to reverence my Name
For worldly Ends, or to avoid the shame
Of Irreligion? Frequently they go
To worship God, and so devout do show,
As if mere *Saints*; but *Hypocrites* in grain,
Do all the while Intelligence maintain
With my declared Foes, who proudly join,
And all their Politicks in one combine,
To root my Name from off the very Earth,
And make provision that no more get Birth.
Betray'd by *middle*, and by *low Degrees*,
But most of all by inbred Enemies,
Such as my Peace and Safety should procure,
Contribute most to make me unsecure:

Such

Such seem their *purpose* by soft *words* to smother
So Boatsmen look one way, but row another.
Such Enemies that have the Art to *smile*
Upon my *Face*, but *cut my Throat* the while.
But grant, Dread Sovereign of the Universe,
That whilst I weep my Grievances in Verse,
Thy Sion's *Interest may not be betray'd*
To Rome, *by such as are in* Masquerade.
O let me hear the Joyfull Trumpet sounded,
That does proclaim their Babylon confounded.
Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,
Annoying *Europe* in unusual Swarms.
This critick moment they expect and hope
To thrust *Me* out, and introduce a *Pope*,
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been
A Wall, a Fort, a Counterscarp between
Their bauling Canons most impetuous shots,
And *foreign Saints*; that *countermines* their *Plots*.
The desp'rate Archers are aware of this,
They know that *England* the chief Bulwark is,
To check their growth: If they could make it sup
Th' invenom'd dregs of th' Antichristian Cup,
They judge it ease to subdue the rest
Of my *European* Gospel-Interest.
But, O my melting Soul-tormenting Fears!
Burst into Sighs, and bubble into Tears!
Observe the Heavens! View that dreadful Mark
Of flaming Vengeance that precedes the dark
Approach of Night! Can this vast *Comet* be
Ought but the Prologue of Calamity?
Prodigious Meteors, blazing fiery Stars,
Are Heralds sent to menace open Wars
Against rebellious and polluted Coasts,
By Him who is the mighty Lord of Hosts.
Awake, O *England!* this *Lethargick Sleep*
Is out of *Season*, 'tis a time to *weep*;

I

If *guilty Children* tremble at the *Rod*,
Can you be *stupid* when the *Angry God*
Sets up this *dreadfull Ensign* of his *Wrath*?
Rouze up *Repentance*, let a *lively Faith*
Now go to work; See how the *Preaching Air*
Instead of *Sinning*, does exhort to *prayer*;
For thy *Fantastick Garbs*, *Perfumes* and all
Thy other *Trash*, it doth for *Sackcloth* call:
From *Carnal Sports* it *bids thee* quickly get,
Calls from the *Taverns* to the *Mercy-seat*.
From that accursed *Rendezvous* of Lust
It bids thee *hasten*, and *repent in Dust*.
Have not th' Experience of *past Ages* given
Their sad *Remarks* upon those *Signs* in Heaven?
What *follow'd* still, but *certain Spoil of Nations*?
Plagues, *Fire* and *Sword*, and other *Devastations*?
The sure *Eversion* of some *Potent Crown*;
The Death of *Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down:
But Thou, *Illustrious Architect* of *Wonder*,
Remove the *Sorrows* which I *labour under*.
Does this *Amazing Prodigy* betoken
That *Rampant Babel* shall be quickly broken?
Does it *portend* that *Antichrist* shall break
In pieces, striving to *destroy* the *Weak*
Remains that on this blessed Name do call?
Or dos't *presage*, that (trembling) I shall fall?
Lord, canst thou see thy *pleasant Vineyard* tore,
And rooted up, by this *rapacious Boar*?
Or have my *Childrens* crying *Sins* provok'd
That *dismal Sentence*, not to be *revok'd*?
(God's Methods were to *chasten*, not *destroy*
Those *Sinning Souls* in whom he once took *joy*)
O give thy *Sinking Church* a *true discerning*
What thou dost mean by this *prodigious Warning*;
That by thy *Spirits sacred Flame* calcin'd,
By *Scourges mended*, and by *heat* refin'd,

We may find *Grace.* But oh! My Spirits faint
Under the Preſſure of my *Great Complaint!*
My *panting Soul* another grief doth feel,
My *feeble Knees* beneath their burthen reel.

Sion's Children.

AH Mother! who can diſſallow your moan?
The Cauſe is juſt, for every one muſt own
Our failings great, and that our ſins provoke
Impending Judgments, and a future Stroke,
If interceding Mercy ſteps not in
To ward the blow, and cancel out our Sin.
But ſince unthought-of Providence *gives light,*
And calls the Sun to ſee the Acts of Night;
Since Heav'n expoſes the Reſults of Rome
To Publick Notice; *ſince the Traytor's come*
To Legal Execution; ſince the grand
Contrivers of this Miſchief dare not ſtand
To Teſt of Law, or due Examination;
Since ſuch brave Heroes *repreſent the Nation,*
Whoſe clear ſagacious penetrating Eyes
Dive into Rome's *abhorred Myſteries;*
Whoſe Nobler Souls, whoſe loyal Engliſh Hearts,
The cloſeſt Slights of Antichriſtian Arts
Can ne'er deceive; whoſe brave Reſolves defeat
Thoſe curs'd Delinquents, whether ſmall or great:
Whoſe Free-born Courages do ſcorn to ſtoop
To be the Vaſſals of a doating Pope,
An Upſtart Imp, whoſe Title ne'er was given
By binding Laws of either Earth or Heaven.
We therefore, deareſt Mother, do conclude,
That what has paſt of Romiſh Interlude,
Is near an Exit; *that the* Scene *will be*
Chang'd from a Tempeſt to Serenity.

Sion

Sion.

O That's a *Cordial!* But my *grief* does borrow
Some freſh *Objections* to renew my ſorrow:
For ſome that ſeem to *wiſh me well*, in ſpite
Of Goſpel Beamings, and the cleareſt Light,
Retain ſome fond opinions, which diſpleaſes
The meek, the humble, ſelf-denying JESUS.
His way of Worſhip, Scripture does expreſs;
No uſeleſs Pomp, no artificial Dreſs
Becomes Religion; Chaſtity abhors
The *Garb*, the *Painting*, and the *Gate* of *Whores.*
Why ſhould we then a Virgin-Church pollute
With any Relicks of that Proſtitute?
But raze thoſe things that never had a Name
In ſacred Records, leſt our ſelves we ſhame?
Why ſhould our *Rites* enamel'd be with *Gloſs?*
Why muſt our *Gold* be mingled with their *Droſs?*
So 'tis when *Reformation* is ſuppreſt,
T'uphold a *Grandeur* when 'tis not the beſt.
When *Doors* and *Windows* they are ſhut up quite,
'Tis but to ſtop the Radiance of the *Light.*
And why muſt ſuch as diſſallow thoſe Tricks,
Be branded as the vileſt *Schiſmaticks?*
But that's not all: My Children more refin'd
From thoſe Corruptions, do afflict my mind.
O depths of Sorrow that diſturb my Reſt!
O racking Grief that rends my wofull Breaſt!
Some are ſo Carnal, ſome ſo ſwiftly hurl'd
Into the Labyrinths of th'inticing World,
That in the hurries of that crouded Road,
They find ſmall leaſure to attend their God;
Preferring filthy Gain, and ill-got Wealth,
Before the means of their Eternal Health.
Some that in words reſpect me, I behold
In that ſad poſture, betwixt hot and cold.

Sometimes they seem for Sanctity; sometimes
Slide with the current of prevailing Crimes:
Their Pulses beat with an alternate motion;
Now for the *World*, then for some faint *Devotion*.
Some that unto my Tabernacles were
Admitted, left me for *Ægyptian* Fare:
These not content with my Celestial Diet,
Do run with others to excess of Riot.
Some, to be *Popular*, away would give
Those *Gospel-duties* that are *positive*:
From such as these, my Sorrows do increase,
That sell *God's Order* for a *seeming Peace*;
Such open Gaps that do *pervert* the Laws
Of my just *Right*, and well-defended *Cause*.
But O! how many *Easie Christians* take
Their *Rest* in *Forms*, and no *distinction* make
'Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on *Duty*
As if it were the sole adorning Beauty?
Such give the Lord the more invalid part,
Present their Body, but deny their Heart.
Are not some *Pastors* careless to provide
A *Word in season*, for the *Flocks* they guide?
Some are too backward to supply the *Need*
Of *painfull Lab'rers*, that their *Souls* do feed:
Discourag'd by close-fisted *Avarice*,
Despis'd, neglected, through this *Hellish Vice*.
My *Workmen languish*, and have cause to *moan*,
To see their *Toil* so ineffectual grown.
The most Prophetick Preaching scarce can move
Some *Rocky Hearers* to the Grace of *Love*.
Must *Hag-fac'd Envy*, and *foul-tongu'd Detraction*,
Invenom'd *Malice*, and unfaithfull *Action*,
Ill-grounded *Slander*, and uncertain *Rumors*,
Backbitings, *Quarrels*, and the worst of *Humors*
Be practis'd thus? Ah grief of griefs to see
Professing People act Iniquity

To

To ſuch a Pitch! ——Some *Husbands* and ſome *Wives*
Do lead ſuch ſhamefull, ſuch unſavory Lives;
Whilſt mutually at ſtrife, they do impeach
That Name that ſhould be very dear to each:
Such Pride, ſuch ſurly, dogged *reprehenſion*
For every Toy, ſuch ſharpneſs and contention,
As does diſgrace *Religion*, and does lay
Blocks and Offences in a *Convert*'s way.
Ah! why can't Saints in Families eſchew
That which *mere Heathens* are aſham'd to doe?
Their Houſes are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,
Of Brawls, of Diſcord, and *Domeſtick Jars*.
In grace or comfort can they find increaſe,
Or *Heavenly Bleſſings*, who are void of Peace?
How oft do *Parents* Ill Example draw
Their tender Children to infringe the Law
And Sanctions of the Everlaſting God:
Do they not ſpoil them when they ſpare the Rod?
To ſtrict Extremes ſome Parents do adhere,
Check not at all, or elſe are too ſevere:
On *Back* and *Belly* they beſtow much Coſt,
But care not if their Pretious Souls be loſt:
Are they not guilty of prodigious Folly
That teach them *Courtſhip*, & neglect what's *Holy*?
A Child untutor'd, (a mere lump of Sin,)
May juſtly curſe its cauſe of having been.
Such as inſtruct, do doubly them beget,
By timely Leſſons lab'ring to defeat
Their growth in Ill; ſuch mold their *better part*,
By wiſe prevention of a canker'd heart.
O! then's the time to give 'em Form and Mold;
For Trees admit no bending that are Old.
Who timely ſow ſuch *ſeed* they would have grow,
Will ſurely reap acccording as they ſow.

Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,
Prompt on a Child to tip his Tongue with ill
In his first prattle: But it is less pain
To form good Habits, than reform the vain.
On th' other hand, how many Children do
Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to
Their *godly Parents?* Slight their carefull teaching,
Make Games of Prayer, and a Mock of Preaching.
Contempt of Parents of what kind so e'er,
Contracts a bitter Curse, which every where
Will find them out. But, O my aking Soul,
Beats sad Alarms of Grief! I must condole
The dismal Fate of Youth! Alas how few
The ways of God and Holiness pursue!
But very eager to obey the Devil,
In quickly learning every reigning Evil.
Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,
Our Youth grown old in vile abomination:
Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,
Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance.
Let Grace and vertue grovel in the Dust,
Their Youth and Strength they'l sacrifice to Lust.
That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,
To mind their Maker in the Days of Youth,
They scorn to heed: Ah fools! that would begin
Conversion, when they can no longer sin.
But know, prepostrous Sots, the Day of Doom
(That dreadfull Audit of Accounts) will come.
How dare you run this vile *Career*, till Death,
Like a *Grim Serjeant*, comes t'arrest your breath?
When *Tongues* do faulter, & your *Eyestrings* crack,
When stings of Horror do your *Conscience* rack,
When Hells *Abyss* sets ope its spacious Gate,
And *Troops of Devils* round about you wait;
When nought but *Horror* and *Confusion* seizes,
Upon your Sences, when those *foul Diseases*

You

You got by vile *Debauches*, have at length
Deſtroy'd your perſon, and ſubdu'd your *Strength*?
Is this a Seaſon to deteſt your Lewdneſs,
To talk of *Vertue*, or pretend to Goodneſs?
Egregious Fools! how dare you to delay
Your Souls Affair to that *uncertain Day!*
O! Can you truſt ſo *grand a Work* to that
Moment of *Anguiſh?* when you know not what
(When Sound) your end will be, nor yet how ſoon,
Though brisk at *Morning*, you may die e'er *Noon!*
And if unchang'd, your certain *Doom* will be
To lye in *Hell* to all *Eternity.*

Sion's Children.

O Diſmal State! O miſerable Caſe!
Enough to daunt all that are void of Grace!
And cruſh the bragging of the ſtouteſt mind!
But are there ſtill more grievances behind?

Sion.

STill *more behind?* O that there were no more!
Since they're too many that I've told before:
Maſters and *Servants* oft are found to err
In their *Relation:* does not each prefer
Baſe, ſelfiſh Ends to gratifie a *Luſt*,
Before what's honeſt, and ſupreamly Juſt?
Ah! how much time, among the good is ſpent
In fruitleſs, idle *Talk?* How negligent
In *holy Conference!* ſtrange to each other!
How dull is each to quicken up his *Brother*
In *Goſpel-days!* O! how few do nouriſh
That *Love* and *Zeal* which heretofore did flouriſh!
A *Love* whoſe flaming Heat and Gen'rous Rays
(Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.
Pious Diſcourſes may reclaim the Vile;
But they are hard'ned in their Sins the while

Saints do converſe like them, and rather learn
Their vitious Tricks, than teach them to diſcern
The diſmal Snares and Perils that do lurk
In ſinfull Words, and every evil Work.
Some are ſo covetous, that they would graſp
The World in *Arm fulls*, till their lateſt Gaſp.
Some full of *Envy*: others do expreſs
Their *Luſt* on Dainties, feeding to *Exceſs*:
So *nice* and *delicate*, in choice of Meat,
Whilſt their *poor Brethren* ſcarce have *bread* to eat.
Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To ſumm their *Shop-books*, but neglect the *Heart*;
For *that* they think there's time enough, and look
But ſeldom to the Reck'nings of that Book.
How many come for *Faſhion*-ſake to hear?
(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)
How many *loyter* in their *Chriſtian* Race,
Profuſely ſquandring the day of Grace?
Many like Drones, on others *Toil* do live,
Though 'tis leſs honour to receive than give.
What *lying*, *cheating*, *couz'ning* and *deceit*
Do Traders uſe? O! how they over-rate
What they would ſell? but if they be to buy,
They undervalue each Commodity.
But why ſhould *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,
Be found in *Saints*? muſt every *Apiſh* Faſhion
Bewitch their minds, when God is ſo expreſs
In ſtrict forbidding of ſo vile a Dreſs?

Prayer, that *Sacred Ordinance*, that holds
An intercourſe with Heaven, which beholds
The Father's Glory, and on high does mount,
Is made by many but of ſmall account;
'Tis that that carries our Deſires to God,
And comes down fraighted with a bleſſed Load
Of ſweet Returns; yet 'tis much diſreſpected,
And *Cloſet-duty* too too much neglected.

Scrip-

Scriptures themſelves are ſlighted and diſ-uſed,
And oft, when read, perverted or abuſed:
Helping the Weak, is turn'd into a ſlighting;
Goſpel-reproofs perverted to backbiting.
Many that do of God his *Mercy* crave,
Yet on the *Needy* little *Mercy* have;
All owe their *Bleſſings* to the God of *Love*,
Yet too too many do unthankfull prove.
Some follow *Whimſies* that do *nearly* border
Upon *Confuſion*, and *deſpiſe* all *Order*:
Such on all *Sacred Inſtitutions* trample,
(Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)
As if 'twere *low* for an *exalted mind*
To be, to God's *declared Will*, confin'd;
But can theſe *Men of Rapture* make *pretence*
That they have more *Divine Intelligence*
Than all th' Illuſtrious Saints, as *Prophets*, *Prieſts*,
Apoſtles, *Martyrs* and *Evangeliſts*,
That were the *Scribes* and *Meſſengers of Heaven*,
And ſtrictly practiſ'd all the *Duties* given
Unto the *Church*, which are *without repeal*?
But if they're *diſanul'd*, who did *reveal*
Their *Abrogation* to theſe *bold Pretenders*?
Gods Laws are *ſound*, & need no *Cobling-menders*.
But Oh! that *diſmal Evil* that's behind
Diſturbs my *Reaſon* and diſtracts my *Mind*!
It is *DIVISION!* That unhappy Word
Has done more Miſchief than a *Popiſh Sword*
Could ever doe, if that a *ſweet Communion*
(At leaſt of *Love*) did but compleat our *Union*.
Why ſhould *Licentious Heat* my *Children* hurry
To thoſe *Extremes*? muſt they each other *worry*
For *trivial things*? do they not *all agree*
In *Fundamentals of Divinity*?
Is there no *Room* for *Love*? or muſt that *grace*
Among my *Children* have no proper place?

Why muſt one man be angry with his *Brother*
If not ſo *tall* as he? or with another,
Becauſe his *Face* is not *ſo white* as his?
Or that his *Habit* not ſo *gawdy* is?
Alas! no *Folly* can be more *abſurd*,
Nor more exploded in God's *Holy-Word*.
All ſhould to *Goſpel-Purity* adhere;
But to *calumniate*, *villifie* and *jeer*
All ſuch as are not of their *very pitch*,
Is *Anti-Goſpel*, and a practice which
The Lord *abhors*: If *Cauſes* of *diſſent*
Evert not *Truth*, and ſhake the *fundament*
Of *True Religion*, why ſuch *angry bawling*?
Such *Odious Nick-names*? and ſuch vile *miſcalling*?
Who dares intrude into the *Judgment-Seat*
Of God Almighty? who is onely Great,
And onely *Judgment* gives? to *him belongs*
To *paſs the Sentence*, and *to puniſh wrongs*.
Why cannot *Chriſtians* with each other bear?
Among *Apoſtles* ſome *diſſentions* were;
But did they therefore perſecute each other?
Theſe *Mortal Conflicts*, *Brother* againſt *Brother*,
Deſtroy our *ſafety*; for they ſet a *Gap*
Open for *Rome*, that would us all intrap
In *Fatal Snares*: their *Maxim* is, we know,
Divide and Rule; *Diſtract and Overthrow*.
Their *Crafty Agents* do *creep* in among
Our *heedleſs Parties*, and *divide* the *Throng*,
That with more eaſe they may us all *devour*,
Deſtroy our *Nation*, and ſubvert our *power*.
Why therefore do not *Proteſtants* agree
As *One* againſt the *Common Enemy*?
Who waits with bloudy hand, t'involve them all,
In one *Deſtruction Epidemical*.

Sion's

Sion's Children.

AH Mother! who can remedy your grief?
For this Diſeaſe admits of no relief.

Sion.

OF no relief? O then my Heart muſt *break!*;
Unleſs my *Sons*, their *Mothers* Counſel take
Which will thoſe fatal *flaming heats* allay,
Obſtruct their *growth*, and take 'em clear away.
O can a Mothers *Tears* and wofull *Cries*
Be diſ-regarded in her *Childrens Eyes*?
Can *Engliſh Proteſtants*, who do profeſs
To ſerve one God in *Truth* and *Holineſs*,
Slight all my *Wiſhes*, and *Requeſts* deſpiſe?
O! Hearken to my *Counſels*, and be *wiſe*.
Let *Wrathfull Pride*, and fooliſh *Self-conceit*,
Let *Quibbles* and *Sophiſtical deceit*
Be quite exploded: let a cool *Debate*
All *Fundaments* of *Religion* ſtate:
In ſuch you all, will certainly agree;
(O happy *Model* of ſweet *Unity!*)
Let none that to thoſe *Principles* do ſtick,
Be branded with the name of *Heretick*;
It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other
By that ſweet *Title* of a *Chriſtian Brother*.
Next, if you would not *Charity* explode,
Abuſe the *guiltleſs*, and affront your God,
Judge not your *Brethren* at a diſtance, neither
Give *eaſie Credit* to the *Tales* of either
Hot-headed Scriblers, or *licentious tongues*,
That often load the *innocent* with *Wrongs*:
So *Helliſh Monks* did ſerve *Waldenſian* Saints
With *horrid clamour*, and *unjuſt complaints*:
So *Popiſh Impudence* ſpews out its *Gall*
To make us *odious*, and beſpatter all

The

The *Reformation*; *ſure that cauſe is bad*
Whoſe chief ſupport from Railing *muſt be had.*
If giddy *rumour*, or uncertain *fame*
Should raiſe a *Slander* on your *Brothers* Name,
Repair to him, and in *Converſe* you'll ſee
Whether he *guilty*, or not *guilty* be:
If he be faulty, *tell him of his ſin*;
Be *mild* and *ſecret*, and you may him win.
Admoniſh *gently*, let your *whole diſcourſe*
Be full of *ſavour*, *love* and *Scripture-force.*
This is the *way to bring him to a ſence*,
And God's *preſcribed method* to *convince*;
But if you fail, then *leave him to his God*,
Who can inform, or puniſh with a *Rod.*
Your *Work* is done, you have *diſcharg'd* the part
Of *Friend*, of *Brother*, of a *Chriſtian-heart.*
Before *Belief* examine what is vented,
Good Men by *Malice* may be repreſented
In *Monſtrous Shapes*: Some that to God are dear,
Hatred will paint like a *miſ-ſhapen Bear*;
Beleive not therefore *diſtant imputation*:
No Cenſure's juſt, before *Examination.*

In all *Debates* be ſure to lay aſide
All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guide
Your *calm*, *ſedate Diſputes*, let *Truth* be ſcann'd
With cool Reſolves: O! let that *great Command*
Of *Love* take place! for that ſhould *moderate*
All *Eager Sallies* in a *warm Debate.*
Who loſes *Error*, truly gains *the Field*;
And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.
Where e'er you find it, though in *mean array*,
Subſcribe, and win the Glory of the Day.
O! what's the World, but *Shackles* to the *Mind*?
What's Reputation, but a *fleeting Wind*?
Why ſhould thoſe *Bawbles* which *the Lord abhors*,
Become the *Sacred Truths* Competitors?

Away,

Away with all ſuch Rubs, let *Truth* take place!
And then the *Springs* of *Everlaſting Grace*
Will drop down *Bleſſings*, *Unity*, *Increaſe*,
Among my *Children*, as the *fruits of Peace*.

Sion's Children.

OUR Common Danger, *and the* Real Senſe
(Which we have got by dear Experience)
Of thoſe Advantages, our cruel Foe
Gets by our Factions, *will unite us ſo,*
As that our Enemies *ſhall ne'er prevail*
To break our Leagues, or make our Courage fail:
But tell, Dear Mother, *has ſome new affright*
So diſcompos'd you, that you fear our Light
Is near Extinction? *tell your* Sons, *we pray,*
What are the Symptoms of th' expiring Day.
Why do you judge, that England's *day of Grace*
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?
Shew ſome Prognoſticks *of that diſmal Night,*
That threatens to ſucceed *our Goſpel-Light.*

Sion.

WHen *Sol* once touches our *Meridian* Line,
It ſtraight deſcends, does by degrees decline;
Its heat grows leſs, its diſ-appearing *Light*
Yields to the *Sable* of approaching Night:
Juſt ſo the *Goſpel* in its *Altitude*,
Once ſhot ſuch *Beams*, that in this *Iſle* enſu'd
So great *Converſion*, that thoſe former Days
Did feel its bleſt and univerſal Rays.
A general *Heat* did warm this *Happy Nation*,
From its benign and pow'rfull *Operation*:
But now it falls! and from our *Horizon*
Its vig'rous *influence* is almoſt gone.
Thouſands of *Sermons* lately have been preacht,
But very few (if any) ſinners reacht.

How

How ineffectual is the quick'ning word!
It ſhines, but warms not; its but like a Sword
That's fair to fight, but has no edge at all;
Few prick'd at *heart!* and ſcarce do any fall
At *Jeſus* feet! or have a ſence of Sin,
Confeſſing how *rebellious* they have bin!
It is a diſmal and apparent Sign
That Night comes on, when *Phœbus* does decline;
When Heat and Fervour fail, our *Hemiſphere*
Will quickly ſee its glory diſappear.
The Ev'ning of the Nat'ral Day is come,
When Harveſt-work-men are repairing home:
So when quick Summons of *Omnipotence*,
Removes the Dreſſers of his *Vineyard* hence,
We may conclude the *Goſpel-morning* paſt,
Becauſe God's Servants diſappear ſo faſt.
Can I, when *Gap-defenders* fall aſleep,
But like old *Iſr'el*, for my *Prophets* weep?
How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,
Suſtain the Brunt of an invading Shock?
When of its *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,
When ſcarce a *Moſes*, or a *Joſhua's* left,
How many active Guides, moſt dearly lov'd
By Me, have been in little time remov'd?
Scarce can I dry mine Eyes for loſs of one,
But News arrive of many others gone:
If that my Head were Waters and each Eye
A Well of Tears, I could diſtill 'em dry.
Bright Lamps extinguiſh'd! and no other Lights
Appear to chace the horrour of our Nights!
Shook by concuſſions of my Foes I ſtand,
Whilſt few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand!
If thus my *Horſemen* and *Commanders* dye,
What will become of the poor *Infantry*?
Who can ſupport the burthen of the *Day*,
When ſuch brave *Hero's* daily drop away?

Is Summer paſt, or is the Harveſt done?
That ſuch *preſages* of *a Storm* come on!
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth *Wars*,
When he *recalls* his choice Embaſſadors.
Ah too *licentious World!* come, look about,
Before the Lord, the *bloudy Flag* puts out:
When God from *Sodom*, righteous *Lot* did call,
Sulphureous Flaſhes did conſume them all.
Another ground of my *prevailing fear*
That *England's* black *Cataſtrophe* is near,
Is that, as in the cloſure of the Day,
The *Evening Wolves* do range abroad to *prey*:
So *Romiſh Beaſts* in *monſtrous Swarms* do peep
From their *black Caverns*, to deſtroy my *Sheep*:
Such hate the *tell-tale-light*, and therefore hide
Themſelves in *Dens*, until the *Ev'ning tide*.
Their *curſed products* are reſolves of *Night*,
Like ſilent *Currs*, that in the *dark* do bite.
Another ſymptom of the *days declenſion*,
Is when the *Shadows* do increaſe *dimenſion*:
So when I look about, I *plainly ſee*
Our *Ev'ning ſhadows* very long to be.
In *Humane Bodys* when the Head grows *Hoary*,
It notes *decay of Vigour*, *Strength* and *Glory*.
Gray hairs are thick upon our *Ephraim's* Head,
His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered.
When *joynts* grow *palſy'd*, and the *Bloud's congeal'd*
Into a *jelly*, can the Man be heal'd?
When *limbs* grow *ſtiff*, and *feeble Age* does plow
Its *wrinkled furrows* on the *Patient's* brow;
When *heat* gives place to a *benumming cold*,
When *doting Fancy* cares not to be told
Of its *approaches* to a certain *Grave*;
When it rejects the *Phyſick* that would ſave,
The *Caſe is deſperate*, for the *Patient's* juſt
Upon the Point *to be intomb'd in Duſt*:

E'en

E'en ſo (Alas!) a *Gaſping Nation* lies
Under the *preſſure* of ſad *Maladies!*
'Tis *ſick at heart*, yet ſeems *averſe* to take
That *ſacred Phyſick*, whoſe *Ingredients* make
Diſeaſes vaniſh, and would *ward* the Blow
Which may perhaps produce its *overthrow*.
Ah! muſt my *Glory* (like a *brittle Glaſs*
Reduc'd to *Fractions*) into *Atomes* paſs!
So Rude a *Chaos!* an unform'd *confuſion!*
Would bring the whole to utter *diſſolution*.
Ah fruitfull *Iſle*, I grieve at thy condition:
Where's thy *Repentance?* where is thy *Contrition?*
Thou haſt been counted our *Emanuel's* Land,
The Goſpel, Lord, late ſeemed at a ſtand,
O fix it in our Souls, inſpire each mind,
And let us in't eternal comfort find!
Let not *Illuſtrious Morning-light* be gone,
That ſpreads its Beams through all our *Horizon?*
Muſt wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Luſt*,
Muſt bare-fac'd *Pride*, and impudent *Diſtruſt*,
Rob thee of this ineſtimable *Jewel?*
How canſt thou be ſo *pittileſs*, ſo *cruel*
Unto thy ſelf? *Sin* is the *flaming dart*
That cuts thy Veins, and wounds thy very Heart.
Can *Sion* chuſe but ſend out *mournfull Cries?*
And weep thy *Downfall* in ſad Elegies?
Within thy Bounds my Tabernacles are
Built up, and I lov'd to inhabit here.
Thy *Goſpel-Glory*, and *Renown's* gone forth
Into all Parts and Corners of the *Earth*.
Thou may'ſt be juſtly ſtyl'd *the place of Viſion*:
(Though made by Foes an *Object of Deriſion*)
The Joy of Saints, the *Proteſtant's* Delight,
The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichriſtian* ſpite.
May ne'er this Crown be raviſh'd from thy *Head*,
No *Romiſh* Clouds thy Luſtre overſpread;

What

What *heart so brawny*, but thy *doleful Cry*
Must move to pity? what relent'less Eye,
Could see thy fall, and not dissolve to drops?
Ah fleeting *Joys!* Ah dis-appearing Hopes!
Ah hastning Horror! Ah invading Fears!
Had I a Sea of never-empty'd Tears,
My boundless, helpless Grief wide open sets
The Sluces for its streaming Rivulets.
The very Air, dresst in prodigious Forms,
Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms.
Nature, of strong Convulsions, sickned is,
To see the horrid *Metamorphosis!*
Where *Gospel*-Pastors did some Millions feed,
Must blind and sottish *ignorance* succeed?
Must all their Throats be cut that won't adore
The hatefull *Carcass* of the *Rotten Whore?*
Must all that execrate *Rome's Superstition*,
Be murther'd by a *bloudy Inquisition?*
Must such as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke?
Must flaming *Smithfield* belch out *Fire* and *Smoke*
Of martyr'd *Saints?* must all that will not turn
(With *Bibles* and good *Books*) together burn?
Must *Monkish Torys*, mere *Incarnate Devils*,
Possess our *Land*, and pester it with *Evils*,
Of such an odious and abhorred *Grain*,
That but to name 'em is a *lasting Stain?*
Must our renowned Ministers give place
To *Romish Block-heads?* O the vile disgrace
Of such a *Change!* Must an *adult'rous Priest*
Belch out his *Mass*, where they have preached
Must that *absurd* and *irreligious Tribe* (*Christ?*
Who fetter *Conscience*, and regard a *Bribe*
Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our *Flocks?*
Must *paultry Non-sense*, and those *Apish Mocks*,
Mis-call'd *Devotion*, fill the *House of Prayer?*
Must *Pestilence* infect our *purer Air?*

Must

Must *Sodom* be translated to our *Isle*,
And filthy *Priests* our chastity *defile*?
Must *Satan's Factors* in a *humane shape*,
On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a *Rape*?
Must all our *painfull Ministers* be driven
To *fiery Stakes*, if they renounce not *Heaven*?
Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmless lives
In *flaming Faggots*, or with *Popish Knives*?
Must *guiltless bloud* through all our *Streets* rebound
A mournfull *Echo*? must the *horrid sound*
Of *Axes*, *Whips*, and dreadfull *Scourges* tear
Our *aking hearts*, and pierce the *wounding Air*!
All this will be, if *Rome can but prevail*!
Amazement stops my *Speech*! my *Spirits* fail!
I onely can in *Interjections* cry,
I sink in *Trances*! *O*! *I dy*. *I dy*!

Sion's Children.

AH! *how can we with any Patience bear*
This sad Complaint? *Can any Children hear*
Their Mother deluged in a Sea of Grief,
And not step in to give her some relief!
Chear up, Illustrious Spouse, *and be not cast*
Into despair, *by this approaching* blast:
Christ is our Captain, then we may be bold,
In all our storms, *he is our* Anchor hold.
But what's this Beast, *of whom thou dost complain*?
Whence came he first? *and of what date's his Reign*?
Give us his Marks, *that we may surely know him*,
Repel his Pride, *and quickly overthrow him*?
With Universal and United Force,
Our armed Legions *shall impede his* Course.
If God commands (*who does the* Sceptre *wield*)
We'll fight his Battels, *and dispute his* Field.
In Martial Syllogisms *our Arms shall speak*:
We'll storm his Wall, *and make his Pillars quake*.

A raging Anger in our Boſom burns,
Patience provok't too much *to* Fury *turns.*

Sion.

THis *Beaſt* above [1] twelve hundred years has bin
My mortal Foe, he's call'd [2] *The Man of Sin.*

[1] *The moſt diligent and induſtrious Searchers into the* Epocha, *or beginning of Antichriſt, as the learned* Mede, Alſtedius, *Mr.* T. L. *in his Book intituled,* A Voice out of the Wilderneſs, *Mr.* Brightman, Tillinghaſt, *with ſeveral other Eminent Men, ſeem harmoniouſly to agree that the Beaſt began his forty two Months, or one thouſand two hundred and ſixty (Prophetical) Days or Years, between the Years* 365. *and* 455. *and therefore muſt conſequently end in a ſhort time. See Mr.* Mede, *page* 600, & 601. *To confirm which, the witneſs of the beſt Chronologers, Hiſtorians and Antiquaries concur; as alſo the poſture of the World's Affairs, the unuſual working of things, and the awakning Providences of God; which makes us hope, as Mr.* Withers *affirms,* That that glorious Revolution will be in this preſent Age. *And though famous* Du Moulin, *and ſome others ſpeak not of the Pope's claiming the Title of* Univerſal Biſhop, *till about the Year* 604, *or* 606. *when the Traytor* Phocas, *by the help of* Boniface III. *murthered the Emperour* Mauritius, *(in requital of which, the Uſurper* Phocas *gave the ſaid* Boniface *that blaſphemous Title, and decreed that* the Roman Church ſhould be Head of all Churches; *Which* Platina, *a* Papiſt, *and a Writer of the* Popes *Lives agrees to; as* Beda *de* 6 *Ætat. Mundi,* Paul. Diacon. *rer. Rom.* 18. *Hiſtor. Longob. lib.* 4. 11. Anaſt. *Bibl. Vit.* Bon. 3. Ado. *Ætat.* 6. *Reg. Chron. l.* 1. Aimon. *de geſt.* Franc.

Franc. *lib.* 4. *c.* 4.) *Yet the ſame* Du Moulin *ſeems poſitively to affirm, that the Perſecution of the Church under the Pope, ſhall have an end in (or about) the Year* 1689. *See his Book entituled,* The Accompliſhment of the Prophecies, *Pag.* 412. *This Term once expired* (ſaith he) *the Truth that was oppreſt ſhall lift up her head afreſh, and the Witneſſes ſhall be ſeen to ſtand up again, who ſhall aſtoniſh the Church of* Rome, *&c.*

[2] 2 *Theſſ.* 2. 3. Man of Sin, ὁ ἄνθρωπος τῆς ἀνομίας, *an* Hebraiſm, *and imports a perſon given up to Impiety and Wickedneſs, as* Prov. 24. 5. אִישׁ רַעַת, Vir ſcientiæ, *a Man of knowledge,* that is, *very knowing,* 2 *Sam.* 16. 8. אִישׁ הַדָּמִים, Vir ſanguinum, *A Man of bloud,* that is, *one arived at a* non ultra *of Impiety.*

This *Introducer* of *blind Superſtition,*
Is ſtyl'd in *Holy Writ,* [3] *Son of Perdition.*
From Hell's *Abyſs* at firſt he did proceed,
As in the *Revelations* [4] you may reade:
'Tis he whom *Daniel* calls [5] *the little Horn,*
By whom three more up by the Roots were torn.

[3] Ὁ Υἱὸς τῆς ἀπωλείας, Son of perdition, *is alſo an* Hebraiſm, *and denotes,* One deſigned to deſtruction, *as a hopeleſs and graceleſs Wretch.* Chryſ. *on* 2 Theſſ. *Hom* 3 *tells us, he is ſo called, becauſe he ſhall be deſtroyed.* Piſcator *and* Eraſ. *think it may be expounded,* one deſperate and paſt all hope of Honeſty---*the perfect Copy of his Original* Judas, *who is called,* The Son of perdition, *Joh.* 17. 12. *for he ſeemed an Angel, yet was a Devil*----*he was no Heathen, quitted* Judaiſm, *followed* Chriſt, *was an Apoſtle, ſeemed to pity the Poor, pretended great affection to his Maſter, yet* betrays him with a Kiſs, *lov'd the Bag, hatch'd a Villany able to rend the Rocks, and make the Earth quake--- In which let*

all

all impartial men conſider whether the Romiſh Antichriſt *does not exactly parallel him.*

[4] *Rev.* 11.7. *The Beaſt that aſcendeth out of that Bottomleſs Pit,* &c.

[5] Du Moulin, *p.*379 *amply demonſtrates, that the portion of the* Rom. Emp. *which the* Pope *hath under him hath ſuch proportion in reſpect of the whole Extent of the* Rom. Emp. *as there is of* 3. *to* 10. i. e. *little leſs than the third Part, agreeable to* Dan. 7. 8.

The Marks of the Beaſt. [*Firſt Mark.*]

THE Spirit aptly does *Characterize*
This *Muſhroom's growth*, [6] declares he ſhall
Not till a *day of great Apoſtacy* (ariſe
Corrupts true Faith and Goſpel Purity.
Juſt ſo it happened at that very time,
When *Rome's* proud *Prelate* did attempt to *climb*
To that *Prodigious Grandeure* which devours
Both *Regal, Princely* and *Imperial Powers.*
That ſuch a Fall as then predicted was,
Did e'er his *riſing* truly come to paſs,
Some Learned *Writers* of their own confeſs,
With deteſtation of their wickedneſs.

[6] *This is one way whereby we may know who the* Man of Sin *is,* viz. He ſhall not be revealed until there come a falling away firſt, *as* 2 *Theſſ.*2. 3. *The Revelation of Antichriſt was then to be, when there ſhould appear ſome eminent defection in the Church. Now Antiquity clearly makes out when that Apoſtacy was; it began very early: It is affirmed by ſome, The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her primitive Purity, longer than one hundred years. But however, all approved Hiſtorians agree, that about the beginning of the fourth Century, the Apoſtacy of which the Apoſtle ſpeaketh, was viſible, and fully manifeſted.* Joan. Wolfius *out of* Jerom, *ſaith,* That about the year 390.

the

the Law periſhed from the Prieſt, and the Viſion from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gave themſelves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleanneſs. *In the year* 326. *it was endeavoured in the Council of* Nice, *to cauſe Biſhops and Elders to refrain from their Wives.* See Alſted *in* Chronologia teſtium Veritatis. *Alſo the ſaid* Wolfius *alledgeth a Saying out of* Auguſtine, *applying it to the year* 399. *who ſpeaketh thus*: That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and Humane Rites; that the condition of the Jews under the Law, was eaſier than that of Chriſtians under the Goſpel. Dyoniſius *in an Epiſtle hinteth that* they were burthened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Chriſtians; *and that* the Sacraments both of Baptiſm and the Lord's Supper ſuffered great mutation, and was grievouſly corrupted. *Alſo we find* Chryſoſtom *declaiming againſt the Biſhop of* Rome *concerning Purgatory*; *which thing is applied to the Year* 410. *or thereabouts. Beſides, we find mention made of* worſhipping of Images, *which is reprehended by one* Amphilocus *Biſhop of* Iconium, *as alſo by* Epiphanius, *whom we find ſpeaking thus:* Whence is this Image-worſhip and Deſign of the Devil? *And a little after, he ſaith,* Be mindfull, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.

The

The Second Mark.

WHen *Rome*'s great *Empire* to its Period came,
The *Papal Hierarchy* [7] uſurp't the ſame,
By helliſh craft he makes that Seat his own,
And forms *Regalia*'s to a Tripple-Crown.
This Man of Sin in * Goſpel-times we know
Was but a hatching, and *in Embrio*;
And e'er he could come to maturity,
The † Roman Empire muſt diſſolved be;
Upon whoſe Ruines he hath built his Neſt,
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Creſt.

[7] *The ſecond thing that was to preceed the coming of Antichriſt was, The taking away of the Sixth Head,* viz. *The Heathen Empire, which in the Apoſtles time * did let or hinder his Riſe; He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then ſhall that* wicked one *be revealed,* &c. † The Empire (*ſaith* Du Moulin) which did bear rule, muſt be aboliſhed, and out of the Ruins thereof the *Son of perdition* is made manifeſt, and exalts himſelf: the Emperors hindred him, but the Empire being decayed in the *Weſt*, and diminiſhed in the *Eaſt* by the *Saracens*, the *Pope* found means to ſeize upon the chief City of the Empire, together with great part of *Italy*, and to devour the neighbouring Churches and Realms at his pleaſure. Du Moulin, *ubi ſupra*, pag. 119. *That this was the general opinion of Antiquity, may be ſeen in* Tertullian, *lib. de Reſurrect. c.* 24. Chryſoſt. 4. *Sermon on* 2 Theſſ. *The Greek Scholiaſt* in loc. Auguſt. *de Civitat. Dei, lib.* 20. *c.* 19. Iren. 11. *queſt. to* Algaſia, Lipſius, &c. *He that would ſee more particularly how the Biſhop of* Rome *hath*

hath made his Market by the ruine of the Empire, let him reade Signonius *his History of the Kingdom of* Italy: *In the beginning of his third Book he shews how Pope* Gregory *the Second, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the Church, forbad the People to pay Tribute to him, and not so much as once to name him in their Publick Service,* Du Moulin, *p.* 157. *This then being out of question, to wit, That the* Roman Empire *whereof St.* Paul *speaks, is already ruined, and that the Bishop of* Rome *thereupon rose to that height of* Pride *and* Blasphemy, *it must needs follow that the* Son of perdition *is revealed, and that this is he.*

The Third Mark.

AT first from mean estate [1] this *Beast* arose,
Came from the Earth, and did at length op-
The former *Beast*, the *Roman* Empire; he (pose
By help of *Lombards* chac'd from *Italy*,
Usurp't his *Seat*, appropriates his *Power*,
And doth the Saints (as bad as he) devour.
Popes Tragicks are the second part of his.
As if that Soul by *Metempseuchosis* [2]
Surviv'd, and were translated into this.
Now let all judge if *Antichrist* be come,
That sees these *Marks* upon the *Beast* of *Rome.*

[1] This *Beast* (*saith* Du Moulin) rose from a small beginning and mean Estate, signified by a *Little Horn* in *Daniel's* Prophecy, and in the *Revelations of St.* John, by his *rising out of the Earth*, according as the *Latines* call such as get up from a little, *Terræ Filios*, as *Mushrooms* or *Toad-stools*, pag. 259. *Now who is there but knows how mean and poor the Bishops of* Rome *were, before they came*

came to be Earthly Monarchs? then when they had not one foot of ground, that the Emperour cauſed them to be whipt, impriſoned, baniſhed, &c. *but by degrees to what a mighty height did he riſe? He exerciſed the Power of the Firſt Beaſt by litle and little, he took the Empire upon him,* [2] *ſat down in his very Seat, aſſumed his Habit and Shoes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the* Roman *Empire: caſting off his* Crotier-Staff, *he takes to himſelf a* Crown, *and is cloath'd in* Scarlet, *which was proper to the Emperour: the Emperour had a* Senate *clad in* Scarlet, *and he hath a* Senate *of* Cardinals *clad in Cloth of the ſame colour, and in many other things he ſeem'd to repreſent the* Firſt Beaſt.

The Fourth Mark.

[1]HE doth exalt himſelf above all thoſe
Call'd *Gods on earth*, does by his [2] *Bulls* op-
All Regal Edicts, that receive not their (poſe
Obliging *Sanction* from his *Papal Chair.*
He like a Peerleſs Potentate does now (bow.
Make Sov'reign *Thrones*, and Crowned *Monarchs*

[1] *This is notorious to the World, though the brevity of Notes admit not room for many Examples.*

[2] Pius *the Fifth ſent a Bull to depoſe Qu.* Elizabeth. *See* Jewel's View of Sedition, *and* Cambden's Eliz. 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory *the Thirteenth labour'd ſecretly to ruine her,* Id. ibid. Anno 1378. Tom. 1. Sixtus *the Fifth gave her Kingdom to the King of* Spain, Anno 1588. ibid. Clement. 8. *ſtrictly commands that none ſhould inherit the* Engliſh *Crown, how good ſoever his Title be, unleſs they be ſworn and reſolved* Papiſts, *his words are*

thus: Niſi ejuſmodi eſſet, qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, ſed omni ope & ſtudio promoveret, & more majorum jurejurando ſe id præſtiturum ſuſceperet. *Camb.* Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.

[3] Some hold his *Stirrup*, [4] ſome are made to wait
Three *Froſty Nights* barefooted at his Gate.
[5] Imperial Heads lye proſtrate at his Beck,
And to his trampling feet ſubmit their Neck.

[3] *Pope* Adrian *the Fourth made the Emperour* Fredrick *the Firſt to hold his Stirrup, and chid him for holding the wrong one,* Balæus *in Act. Rom. Pont. in Vit.* Adrian. *Quarti.*

[4] Gregory *the Seventh made the Emperour* Henry *the Fourth his Empreſs and Child, to wait three days and three nights, in a* Froſty Seaſon, *barefooted and bare-legged, before his Gates, before they could get Audience.* Id. in Vit. *Gregor.* 7.

[5] Alexander *the Third made the Emperour fall upon the ground, in the Temple of St.* Mark *at* Venice, *the whole People being preſent, and put his Foot upon his Neck, uttering the* Pſalmiſt's *words,* Pſal. 91. 13. Thou ſhalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, the young Lion and Dragon ſhalt thou trample under feet. Id. in Vit. *Alex.* Tertii. *See fourty Examples of this in the Learned Dr.* White's Way of the Church, *p.* 18, 19, 20, 21.

The Fifth Mark.

ANother Mark; He in God's Temple ſits,
Boaſting himſelf a * God, and counterfeits

* *'Tis expreſly laid down by the* Apoſtle, *as an undoubted Mark of the* Man of Sin, *viz.* That he ſhould ſit in the Temple of God. Chryſoſt. *is ve-*

True

True Holineſs; when he aſſum'd the Throne,
There was a Temple [6] of the Holy One
In *Rome*, and did continue ſo, till they
Diſplaced Chriſt, [7] and flung his *Truth* away.

ry expreſs, Houi. 3. 2 Theſſ 8. ἡ ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ ἀλλὰ καὶ πᾶς ἐκκλησίας, *that is*, not in *Jeruſalem*, but in the *Church*, ſo Oecumenius, *de* Rom. *l.* 3. *cap.* 13. *and* Theop. Theodor. Ambroſ. Primus Anſelm. Severian. *apud ipſum. Beſides it was to be in a City with ſeven Hills, and where ſeven Kings or Supreme Magiſtrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but* Rome, *as is demonſtrated by* Peter Du Moulin *and others*; *if it be objected*, That the *Church of* Rome at the time of *Antichriſt's* Riſe, could not be the Temple of God, becauſe upon the *Great Apoſtacy* that denomination ceaſes: *it is anſwered*, It might be called the Church and Temple of God then, though the Preſence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godlineſs was gone, it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep their Names when ruined; 'tis ſaid, *Iſa.* 1.21. *How is the faithfull City become an Harlot?* Could ſhe be a *faithfull City* and a *Harlot* too? The meaning is, ſhe was ſo, but now thus; ſo *Matt.* 11.5. *Mark* 7. ult. 'tis ſaid, *The blind ſee, the deaf hear, the dumb ſpeak, the lame walk*, &c. *that is*, they were ſo, but now otherwiſe; a Woman keeps her Husband's Name though divorced for Whoredom; ſo *Rome* [6] was God's Temple and Chriſt's Church, but when ſhe eſpouſed another Head, and caſt off her firſt Husband [7] and the true Faith, ſhe became an *Harlot* and *Synagogue of Satan*, though bearing ſtill the name of *Church* and *Chriſtian* alſo. *See an excell. Treatiſe, intituled*, The Man of Sin, *Printed* 1677. *p.* 40, &c.

The Sixth Mark.

THis is the Beaſt upon whoſe Back the great
Inticing *Strumpet* rides in pompous State [8]
By him ſhe was ſupported all along,
By his Impoſture ſhe was rend'red ſtrong.
This Mark that [9] Notion throws quite out of Door
That ſays, *The* Beaſt *ſhall not ariſe before*
The Deſolation of the Scarlet Whore.

[8] So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderneſs, and I ſaw a Woman ſet upon a ſcarlet coloured *Beaſt*, full of Names of Blaſphemy having ſeven Heads and ten Horns, *Rev.* 17. 4. I will ſhew the Myſtery of the Woman, and the Beaſt that carrys her, *verſ.* 7.

[9] *It hath been a received Opinion of ſome Chriſtians of late times*, that the *Beaſt* who is the *Antichriſt* or *Man of Sin*, ſhall not ariſe till the *Whore* is deſtroyed, and that when he comes he ſhall only reign three years and a half. *Which Notion may ſeem ſtrange to all conſiderate men*; *becauſe that* Beaſt *who is of the ſeventh and an eighth all confeſs is the* Man of Sin: *and how evident is it that this very* Beaſt *bears up, and carries the Whore from firſt to laſt? Beſides*, *Conſider*, *'tis ſaid*, *the ten* Horns of this *very* Beaſt ſhall hate the Whore, and make her deſolate, *how could the* Horns *hate or hurt her, if the Beaſts riſe not til ſhe is deſtroyed? can there be* Horns *and no* Beaſt? *And beſides*, *ſhould this Notion be received*, *it might ſeem ſtrange that the Holy Spirit paſſeth by in ſilence, and takes no notice of this horrid* Monſter, *or Succeſſion of* Popes, *that have continued ſo long, having all the* Marks *and* Characters *ſo clear-*

ly

ly upon him of Antichriſt. *If any ſhould ſay*, he doth not deny Chriſt come in the Fleſh. *I anſwer*, In a Myſtery he doth, and particularly, in his ordaining of *Sacrifices*, as it was under the Law, which ceaſe all when the *Antitype* came, and by aſſuming the place of Chriſt's Supremacy and Government.

The Seventh Mark.

THE Holy Spirit moſt expreſly ſaith,
In latter times ſome ſhall renounce the Faith.
That by the Spirit of Seduction led,
Doctrine of Devils through the Earth ſhall ſpread,
That belch out Falſhood in Hypocriſie
And many Thouſands do deceive thereby;
Forbidding Marriage, [10] *and the uſe of Meat,*
Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

[10] *This is an undeniable Mark of the* Son of Perdition, *viz.* That he ſhall forbid Marriages, and command to abſtain from Meats, *and who it is that commands to abſtain from Meats, and who it is that ſuffers not his Clergy to Marry, and forbids the eating of Fleſh on ſome certain days and ſeaſons of the year, is known to all. The Council of* Chalcedon *ſaith (Canon. Cap.* 16.) Ut nec Deo dicata Virgo, nec Monachus nuberit; *That no Nun or Monk ſhall marry.* Bellarmine, *in his* 34. *Chap. of the Book of Monks, ſtiles the Marriage of Clerks and Monks by the name of* Sacrilege; *and affirms,* That they ſin leſs which commit *Fornication* after they have once taken a *Vow*, than they do which marry; *nay, and in the nineteenth Chap. of the firſt Book of Clerks, he ſaith,* That the Marriage of Saints is not without ſome Sin, Pollution

and Uncleanneſs. *The ſixth General Council aſſembled at* Trullo, *to make* Canons, *tells us plainly in the thirteenth* Canon, *that in the Church of* Rome, Whoſoever will be a Deacon or Prieſt, muſt firſt proteſt that he will never any more after that have to doe with his Wife, *&c.* — If a man be found to have broke the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Fleſh in *Lent*, eſpecially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Prieſt, *ſaith my Author*, hath no power to abſolve him, *&c. This Doctrine of the* Pope, *as 'tis a* Mark *of* Antichriſt, *ſo 'tis expreſly call'd*, the Doctrine of Devils.

The Eighth Mark.

HE's not content to be Supreme below,
And make all *Sceptres* to his *Croſier* bow,
But th' impious Wretch is grown ſo bold that e-
He dares affront the *Majeſty of Heaven.* (ven
What God commands, this Imp of Hell controuls,
Condemns the ſav'd, and ſaves condemned Souls:
Himſelf he places in *Jehovah's* " Throne,
As Chief of all, as Second unto none.

" He ſhall oppoſe and exalt himſelf above all that is called God, or that is worſhipped, ſhewing himſelf that he is God, 2 *Theſſ.* 2. He ſhall ſpeak great things againſt the moſt High, *Dan.* 7. 25. *That the Pope is guilty of oppoſition to, and exaltation of himſelf, above the Majeſty of God, is made appear by divers worthy Writers; the very Life and Soul of Popery ſeems to run in this vein,* The Lord *Jeſus* (*ſaith one*) is made a very Lacquey to the Pope, he changes Times and Laws at his pleaſure. *God ſaies,* Thou ſhalt make to thy

ſelf

self no graven Image, &c. *The Pope takes away that Commandment, and declares,* 'tis lawfull to worship Images. *The Lord bids us* Search the Scriptures; *the Pope oppoſeth this, and* forbids the reading of them; nay, burns to death thoſe that do read them; and, to prevent it, locks them up in an Unknown Tongue. *God* pardons Sins upon Repentance, *the Pope* without, for a Sum of Money. *The Pope* can inveſt a ſorry Prieſt with power by uttering a few words to make a God, to turn Bread into the real Body of Chriſt, and have power over him to doe with him what he pleaſes when he hath done, and he can't deliver himſelf out of his hands.

A brace of *Keys* he carries in his hand,
To *ſhut* and *open* at his own Command.
He *curſes* and *abſolves*, he *binds*, *releaſes*,
Puts down, *advances* whomſoe'er he pleaſes.
This is th' *Apocalyptick Beaſt*, that claims
Sublimeſt Titles, and Blaſphemous Names,
With Matchleſs Pride, and Peerleſs Impudence,
He does for Money with God's Laws diſpenſe
To fill his Purſe (O ſhameleſs *Avarice!*)
All ſorts of Sins he values at a price [12].

[12] *What Sin is it but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for Money: beſides, he makes the deteſtable Sins of Treaſon and Murther, if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the Promotion of the pretended Holy Church, meritorious, Canonizing black and brutiſh Sinners for Saints, in his Kalendar; he exalts himſelf above the Word of God, he uſurps God's Seat, by giving what Interpretation to God's Law he pleaſes, which he makes of equal Authority with it.*

The Ninth Mark.

FAlſe Miracles, and lying Wonders too
This grand Deceiver does pretend to doe [11]
He fain would make th abuſed World believe,
That he with Eaſe could make a Dead Man live.
They doe ſuch things, their *Sottiſh Legend* ſaith,
As far exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;
Their Nature, Number, Circumſtances all,
Done by Atchievements Diaboſicall;
Their ſenſleſs Fables, arrant Fopperies,
Are mere Impoſtures and apparent Lyes.
This is an Engine which the graceleſs Wretch
Does ſpread abroad, the Sons of Men to catch:
And God lets ſuch thoſe horrid Lies believe,
Who Goſpel-Truths would not in Love receive,
That they might periſh and be damn'd thereby,
The juſt deſert of ſuch Iniquity!

[11] Even him whoſe coming is after the working of Satan with all Power, and Signs, and Lying *Wonders*, 2 Theſſ. 2. 9. Bellarmin. (*de not. Eccl. l.* 4. *c.* 14.) *maketh Miracles* one infallible Sign of the True Church; *and certain I am, the falſe and lying Wonders of the* Roman Church, *clearly ſheweth the* Pope *to be the* Anti-chriſt, *or* Son of Perdition. *I have not room here to enumerate many of them, onely take one or two, by which you may judge of the reſt. One* Becanus's *Head being off, St.* Ita's *Prayers made it come poſting through the Air, ſtand by the Body, and ſhe joined them faſt again, ſo that in one hour's ſpace the Man became as lively as ever he had been in all his life.*

St. An-

St. Anthony's *Arm, that pretious Relick at* Geneva, *was kiſs'd and worſhip'd with great Devotion, whilſt* Popery *kept its ground; but when the* Goſpel *came, and the Relick was produced, 'twas found the Piſle of a* Stag, *Calv.* de reliq. prop. initium. *Poſſibly you may have heard of the Wonders that Relick hath done; and of St.* Decumanus, *who carried his own Head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there waſhed off the Bloud from it. A Countrey Curate, ſaith* Eraſmus, *getting Crabs, and faſtning Candles to their backs, ſet them a crawling up and down the* Church-yard *at Night, and in the Morning, after he had taken them in again, perſuaded the People that they were poor diſtreſſed Souls in* Purgatory, *you muſt think* ſuch wanted Maſſes and Alms, *ſaith my* Authour; *we know the Proverb,* No Penny, No Pater noſter: *a fit Miracle to pick the Peoples pockets.* Lib. 22. *Jo.* Epiſt. p. 1529. in Epiſt. Edit. Baſil. *A Maid coming into a Garden, and taking a Lattice to eat it, cruſh'd the Devil between her Teeth in the Lattice; and this poor Devil, ſaith* Du Moulin, *whom ſhe belike ſwallowed down together with the Lattice, being commanded to go out, and checkt by* Equitius, *excuſeth himſelf, ſaying,* Alas! What hurt did I? I was ſitting quietly upon the Lattice, and ſhe came and bit me, the fault was in her, for not making the ſign of the Croſs when ſhe gathered the Lattice. *Moreover, theſe ridiculous Impoſtours affirm,* That when the Body of Pope *Formoſus* was carried into Saint *Peter's* Church, all the Images of the Saints that ſtood there, did him Obeyſance; *but above all, the Miracle of the Aſs that left his Provender to worſhip the Hoaſt, ſeems moſt ridiculous to King* JAMES: *ſee his* Apology, &c. *Many of*

their pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers intimate, about the fourth and fifth Century, and were contrived to confirm the Popes Headſhip and Univerſal Supremacy, together with their idle ſtorys of Purgatory, Images, Praying for the Dead, *&c. Thoſe that would ſee more, let them reade* Du Moulin, *alſo a late Book intituled,* the Man of Sin.

The Tenth Mark.

HIS out-ſide's ſmooth, he's garb'd in Sheeps
But inwardly a rav'nous *Beaſt of Prey.* (array.
He has a *Mouth* [14] wherewith he ſpeaks great things,
Blaſphemes the *glory* of the *King of Kings.*

[14] And there was given unto him a Mouth ſpeaking great things, and Blaſphemies, *Rev.* 13. 5. And he opened his Mouth againſt God, to blaſpheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, *verſ.* 6. He ſhall ſpeak great words againſt the Moſt High, *Dan.* 7. 25. *This Mark of the Beaſt is apparently ſeen in the Pope, in thoſe inſolent and blaſphemous Titles he aſſumes to himſelf; he is called Chriſt's* Vicar, *or his* Viceroy *and* Lieutenant. *Bellarm.* de Rom. lib. 2. c. 31. Foundation, Head, *and* Husband to the Catholick Church; His Holineſs, *that can be judged by no Man; though he draw an innumerable number to Hell, who ſhall ſay to him, What doſt thou? What would you think to hear him called,* The Lion of the Tribe of *Judah,* the Root of *David? ſo* Begnius, *one of his Biſhops courted Pope* Leo *the Tenth, and thereupon bad* the Daughter of *Sion* not to weep, *ſaying,* God hath raiſed to her a Saviour. *See* Council Later. *ſub* Leon. 10. *Seſſ.* 6. *apud ſur.*

He

He is frequently called by those of the Romish *Church,* Our Lord God the POPE. Exter. *Joan.* 22. *Tit.* 14. c. 4.

And as touching his Blasphemies against those that dwell in Heaven, *to wit,* the Saints of God, *'tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks, Schismaticks, and what not.*

The Eleventh Mark.

'TIS He that aims at th' utter Dissolution
Of pretious Saints, by bloudy Persecution,
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.
Forbids all *Traffick*, none must sell or buy,
Except th' adorers of his *Hierarchy.*
This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear
Of which full proof is extant ev'ry where,
The Numbers he hath [15] murther'd do surmount
The strictest of *Arithmeticks* account.
They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Floud
And Swelling Current of my *Childrens Bloud.*

[15] He shall wear out the Saints of the Most High, *Dan.* 7. and caused as many as would not worship the Image of the Beast should be killed, *Rev.* 13. 5. *We find upon Record, That Pope* Innocent *the Third, within the space of a few Months, made more than two thousand of the faithfull to be slain, who they called* Albigeans, *he hath made all* Europe *to stream with Bloud; in St.* Bartholomew's *Massacre, in the Year* 1572. *more than eighty thousand were slain in cold Bloud, see* Du Moulin, *p.* 246, 247. The Duke *De Alva, (saith he)* played the Butcher in *Flanders,* and under the shew of Catholick Zeal, slew Millions of People,

in

in recompence whereof the Pope ſent him a Holy Sword and conſecrated Gloves; the infinite numbers he ſlew in other places, by Wars, bloudy Maſſacres, and otherwiſe, you will hear more of hereafter; ſo that by this time ſure all may conclude Anti-chriſt *is come, and that this is he in whom all the Marks and Characters do ſo fully meet, which the Holy Ghoſt hath given him.*

Sion's Sons.

These Marks are ſo notorious that we can
Say of the Romiſh Pope, *He is the Man:*
For theſe Characteriſticks *truly are*
To him (and onely him) peculiar.
This raging Monſter *is that* Beaſt *of Prey:*
Shall we ariſe to take his Strength away?
That hath ſo long time tyrannized thus
(With Helliſh Fury) over thee and us?
Self-preſervation *is, by every* Creature
Eſteem'd a Sacred Principle *in* Nature.
Each Free-born mind, muſt at thoſe Tyrants ſpurn
That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.
Why ſhould this Beaſt *ſtill rage and domineer*
As he hath done, without controll or fear?

Sion.

YOu are to wait for God's great Diſpenſations,
At whoſe diſpoſal is the Fate of Nations;
His time is beſt, and in due ſeaſon he
Will bring this Beaſt to his Cataſtrophe.
He ſits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,
This Rebel's Pride. His glorious Son that's born
Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
Shall ſurely reign, becauſe it is his due;

For

For all to him the Sovereign Rule muſt yield;
He ſhall the Crown and Royal Sceptre wield:
Nations ſhall ſerve him; Kings that have abhorr'd
His Name, ſhall pay him Homage, as their Lord.
To *JESUS* all ſhall bow, he ſhall be King,
And to poor *Sion* ſhall Redemption bring.
Till this Beaſt's month, and lateſt hour be ſpent,
No Humane Weapon can his Rage prevent.
To ſuffer Perſecution I'm appointed,
Till Inſtruments are choſen and anointed
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,
And be prepared for that bleſſed day;
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is reſtor'd
To height of favour with her bleſſed Lord.
The day approaches, and if you would win
Renown by Fighting, then encounter Sin;
That home-bred Foe, which in your boſom lurks,
And like the Venom of an *Aſpick* works
Through all your Vitals; 'tis the Capital
And grandeſt Foe, that would betray you all;
It correſponds with thoſe that do expoſe
To torments, all that with the Bridegroom cloſe:
Till this is conquer'd, I ſhall not ariſe,
Nor be deliver'd from mine enemies.
This Traytor makes my very heart to faint,
And does occaſion moſt of my Complaint;
For by's conſpiring with the *Beaſt* and *Devil*,
I am ſurrounded with the preſent evil.

Beſides theſe Foes of my forlorn Eſtate,
There is another ſtrong Confederate,
The proud, imperious and inſulting *Whore*,
Of whom I made a ſad Complaint before;
She with laſcivious Looks and wanton Eyes
Prompts on to *Luſt* and all *Debaucheries*;
By her *fallacious* and *bewitching Charms*
She does intice *great Men* into her Arms,

Cor-

Corrupting Princes by her *Incantations*,
Destroys the brave *Nobility of Nations*!
Great God assist me e'er my Spirits fail!
That *I* the *State of Monarchs* may bewail,
Who to her *Yoke* yield their *Illustrious Necks*,
And move (like *Vassals*) at her *sawcy becks*.
Oh! they that should *My Nursing-fathers be*,
Are *Executioners of Cruelty*,
By this *Whore's Influence*, the *Civil Power*
Is made a *dreadfull Engine* to devour
The *Saints of God*, and kick at the *Creator*;
But let them know that Sovereign *Arbitrator*
Of all their *Destinies*, is Great and Just,
And can, *at pleasure*, tumble them to *Dust*.
What pity is't that Dukes and Noble Peers,
With other *Hero's*, should for many years
Thus truckle to that proud, usurping *Whore*,
And for her sake inslave themselves? nay more,
Exhaust their *Treasure*, and debase their *Name*,
And bring themselves to such *reproach* and *shame*,
By thus ingaging in her *Hellish Plots*,
Which fastens on them *Everlasting Blots*.
That shameless *Strumpet*, whose accursed *Wiles*
Trappans the *Conscience*, and the *Soul* beguiles,
When she involves them in the deepest guilt,
She does pretend to wash away the *filth*,
By impious Pardons! Yea, to such an height
Does she bewitch Men, that the very sight
Of *Tyburn*, cannot move them to confess,
Their load of Guilt and horrid Wickedness;
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,
To steel their Fronts with shameless impudence.
When they are drawn to a deserved Death,
With lyes she makes them to resign their breath.
She makes them drink till they forget their fears,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears;

Who

Who (like ill Angels) round about them hover,
For fear they should her Rogueries discover.
When some are stretcht upon the fatal Block,
And Justice ready to discharge the stroak;
Such is the strength of her Inebriation,
That they (oh horrible!) on their Salvation,
Protest they'r innocent! when all the while
No Treason ever did appear more vile,
Than that for which Impartial Justice hath
Judg'd them, as Traytors, to deserved Death.
Rome (by their frantick Resolutions) would
Out-face the Sun, and baffle (if She could)
The cleerest Proofs, and solid'st Evidence
Produc'd by Heav'ns unerring Providence.
Ah! Cruel Mistress of deluded Souls!
That's not content to make them arrant Fools;
To lose Estates and Lives, but must thereby (dye.
Make them stab Conscience when they come to
She, to encourage Treasons, does prefer
Those Traytor-Martyrs in her Calender.

Sion's Sons.

THis Whore and Beast in Interest are so join'd,
That many puzzl'd are, which way to find,
Wherein they differ, pray tell us therefore,
How is the *Beast* distinguish'd from the *Whore*?

Sion.

THE *Pope's* the *Beast*, usurping over all,
A Power Supreme and Magistraticall;
This Scarlet Beast does in the strictest sense,
Lay claim to Secular Preheminence,
The *Roman* Empire lost the Ruling Seat,
The Pope usurpt it, and from thence grew great,

All

All Kings that he could by his craft allure,
Receive their Power and Inveſtiture

This Whore cannot be the Beaſt:

16 1. *Becauſe the Beaſt is expreſt in the* Maſculine Gender, *the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition, and the Beaſt that was, and is not, even* HE *is the Eight, and of the Seven,* i. e. *He came up by means of the Liberty and large Revenues. The Seven Heads,* viz. *The Chriſtian Emperors gave to the Church and Church-men, though a different and diſtinct ſort of Government to all before it, but Myſtery* Babylon *is expreſt by the* Feminine Gender, *a Woman, a Whore, Mother of Harlots; I ſaw the Woman drunk with the bloud of the Saints,* &c. *And when I ſaw her, I wondered,* &c.

2. *The Angel deſcribes them diſtinct, the one from the other, a Beaſt and Whore,* I John *ſaw them as clarly diſtinct as a Beaſt is from her that ſits upon him, and I ſaw a Woman ſit upon a Scarlet coloured Beaſt,* Rev. 17. 3.

3. *If the Beaſt and Whore were one and the ſame, then the Whore ſits up and rides upon herſelf; than which nothing can be more abſurd and ridiculous.*

4. *There is as real a difference between the Man of ſin, and the Whore or Falſe-church, as is between Chriſt and the True-church: the Beaſt or Anti-chriſt is the Head, the Whore is the Body; and indeed it was by renouncing the Headſhip and Government of Chriſt Jeſus, and eſpouſing, owning, and ſwearing to the Headſhip and Supremacy of the Pope, that firſt gave the Church of* Rome *the denomination of a Whore; for a Woman that has Two Heads, Two Husbands, can be no other.*

5. *More-*

5. *Moreover 'tis evident that the Beast shall remain though in Captivity, his Power being taken away after the Whore is destroyed and burned with Fire,* Rev. 19. 19, 20. Dan. 7. 26.

From him: the *Whore's* th' [17] *Eccleſiaſtick* State,
Or *Romiſh Hierarchy*, that take her Seat
Upon the back of this Ten horned Steed, [bleed.)
(Which gores my ſide, and makes my Children

[17] *Though 'tis granted the Magiſtratical Power of Popiſh Kings in large ſenſe is ſignified by the Beaſt who do ſupport the Eccleſiaſtick State or falſe Church, yet originally it more ſtrictly reſides in the Pope, for by a voluntary ſubmiſſion to him, he is become their Maſter, as* Du Moulin, *page* 161. *obſerves, their Crowns being at the Popes diſpoſal, who takes it, and gives it (ſaith he) to whom he thinks good, which things have been noted by* Guicciardine, *that famous Hiſtorian, in his Hiſtory of the riſes and advancements of the Pope.*

Sion's Sons.

SHall we (indanger'd by her Plots) ariſe (ſies?
To curb this Whore, that our great God de-
Why ſhould her Treaſons any more annoy
Thy pretious Saints and Nations thus deſtroy,
Lets make her drink in that invenom'd Cup
She fills for us, ſhall ſhe not ſwill it up?
Will none fall on, provok'd by flaming ire,
To eat her Fleſh, and burn her in the fire?

Sion.

Sion.

WHo instrumental in that work shall be;
Reade well the Sacred Scriptures, you
Rev. Esa. Jerom. may see
And since the matter you do understand,
It brings me comfort on the other hand:
As 'twas foretold in Sacred Scripture story
You are enlightnen'd with the Angel's glory;
As for my Children who before did live,
Light from this Angel they could not receive.
My Children brought forth in the latter days,
Shall doe great matters to *Jehovah's* praise.
I see some good men do desire to know
The time when they this Whore shall overthrow;
I cannot blame them for this very thing,
To the whole World it will much glory bring.
Then shall the Gospel through the Earth be spread
And Men instead of Husks shall feed on Bread;
God's Worship shall its freedom then enjoy,
Rome's Locust then shall you no more annoy,
There shall be then a wonderfull increase
Of *Sion's* glory and of *Israel's* peace;
Then shall my Children in sweet consort sing
Anthems of joy to the eternal King.
No names then of distinction more shall be,
But speak one Language all they shall agree
In Peace and Oneness and blest Harmony;
But to reply to what you have requir'd,
At present you must keep your selves retir'd;
Make no attempts, untill the Lord on high,
Does give you strength this *Babel* to defie.
You now do seem to lie as persons dead,
As Being unable to erect your head:
But then you shall appear to be alive,
The Spirit of the Lord shall you revive:

God

God hath (I know) ſet down the time exact,
When he'll begin this ſtrange and dreadfull Act,
To the confuſion of your Enemies.
When God ſhall call his Witneſſes to riſe;
Then from the Heavens they ſhall hear a voice,
Which ſhall make all their Spirits to rejoice.
Then ſhall they have ſo evident a call,
That they ſtraight-way ſhall on this Strumpet fall.
With patience therefore wait upon the Lord,
Untill his ſaving ſtrength he doth afford.
To him you are to make ſupplication,
For from him onely is my expectation.
O ſigh with me, and in your Spirits groan,
And ſend ſtrong Crys up to his gratious Throne:
Give him no reſt (till in thoſe glorious days)
Of all the Earth, I'm made the onely praiſe.
And I'll lift up my voice to God on High,
And make my moan to him, and thus will cry.

Sion's Prayer.

O Lord of Hoſts, conſider my Eſtate,
Let me remain no longer deſolate.
Have I not been moſt pretious in thy ſight?
O do not therefore my Petition ſlight;
O let thy Bowels to thy Children move,
In tender token of Paternal Love.
Shall *Sion* totter? And the Beaſt grow ſteddy
In his proud Seat? Haſt thou not try'd already?
What ſome advantage, or what Goſpel good,
Is to be hop'd for from the wicked Brood?
Canſt thou expect they'll ſerve thee better now?
Are they more like to bleſs the World below,
Than thy poor *Sion*? If their meaſures be
Repleted brimfull of Iniquity,
Then by juſt forfeiture, their right is gon,
To Earthly Power and Dominion.

Will

Will theſe thy ſaving Goſpel-truths preſerve?
Or in pure Worſhip at thine Altars ſerve?
Will theſe protect the innocent and good,
And not provoke thee with their crying bloud?
Will they make Judgment in right chanels go?
Extirpate Vice? Make Righteouſneſs to flow
Like mighty ſtreams? Are they in Covenant
With thee? Or wert thou ever pleas'd to grant
Them any Promiſes that they ſhould wear
The ſacred Badges of thy Name? And bear [men,
The Sovereign Rule? Will Fathers, and young
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honour'd then?
Shall they not rather, by their barb'rous hands,
Be butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be
Of ſwift Damnation, by *Rome*'s Blaſphemie?
If Laud on Earth and Praiſes will be given,
If Hallelujahs will be ſung in Heaven,
To thy great Name, for raiſing *Babylon*,
And bringing *Sion* to Deſtruction:
If then the door of Grace be open'd more,
For mens ſalvation than it was before.
If Sinners acceſs unto the Bleſſed *Jeſus*,
Be made more free; if cure of Soul diſeaſes
Be then more eaſie, then let *Sion* fall,
And *Rome* uſurp dominion over all.
But if in ſight of thine all-ſeeing Eye,
Their monſtrous Crimes are of ſo black a Dye:
If from their very ſpringing, they have been,
The vileſt Wretches, and the worſt of men:
If for the future they intend to be
The Perpetrators of all Villany.
If their black ſins of groſs Idolatry,
Pride, horrid Murthers and Adultery,
Mount up to Heavens great imperial Throne,
If thy oppreſſion makes thy Churches groan;

If

If they will burn thy Scriptures and ſuppreſs
All Books that treat of Goſpel-Holineſs?
If guiltleſs Souls of every Sex and Age,
Will be made Sacrifices to their Rage;
If they are Foes without thy Covenants,
If they will trample on thy pretious Saints;
If they (becauſe thou didſt not hear and ſave
Thy praying *Sion*, from a ſinking Grave)
Deride thy Glory, and blaſpheme thy Name, *Deut.*
And put thy faithfull Ones to open ſhame. 32,36.
Then hear, O Lord, thou ſeeſt my power is gone,
In thee I truſt, beſides thee there is none,
That can thy *Sion*, from her Foes deliver,
O draw ſome flaming Arrows from thy Quiver
To quel the pride of this oppreſſing Crew,
Thy mighty Arm alone can them ſubdue.
On thee I fix an abſolute reliance,
Do thou but help, I'll bid them all defiance.
Hear and conſider, for thy Mercy ſake,
On gaſping *Sion* ſome compaſſion take.
I have been ranſom'd with the pretious Bloud
Of thy dear Son, and fill'd with Heav'ly Food.
O Lord, I pray, thy Churches ſins forgive,
And in ſweet concord let thy Children live;
Teach them true ſaving knowledge from thy word
That they may worſhip thee with one accord.
Thou canſt the Proſtrate raiſe, and cure his wound
For nothing difficult for thee is found.
Thou knowſt my grief, O Lord, incline thine Ear,
Revive my hope, and chace away my fear.
In *Achor's* Valley open thou a Door,
And make me ſweetly ſing as heretofore;
I pray thee break the bonds of my diſtreſs,
And lead me from this doleſome Wilderneſs.
O let me ſhine like *Sol's* illuſtrate light,
And b'as an Army terrible in fight.

Pull

Pull off that Veil that does thy *Sion* cover,
Thoſe Clouds, O ſcatter, that I may diſcover
What thou doeſt mean by this thy diſpenſation,
And what my work is in this Generation.
Its time for thee to plead thy Peoples cauſe,
When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws.
Thou canſt deſtroy them with their brimfull Cup,
And lofty Cedars, by the roots pull up;
But, Lord, remember for to ſpare thy Vine,
That ſpreading Plant which thou haſt choſen thine,
Make that to flouriſh and be ever green,
And full of Cluſters, as before 't has been.
From *Ægypt* thou haſt brought it heretofore:
From thence, I pray, deliver it once more;
Let thine hand plant it, give it ſteadfaſt root,
That all the Land may feaſt upon its Fruit;
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,
And let its boughs o'erſhadow ev'ry Hill;
From Sea to Sea do thou her branches ſend,
And her from all her Enemies defend;
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,
To keep her from the violence of all
Rapacious Bears, and from the greedy Boar
That would deſtroy it, and its fruit devour,
Lord, from on high, thy lovely Vine behold,
Thine own Plantation, valued more than Gold;
Canſt thou deny thy helping hand the while
Wild Beaſts thy Vineyards ravage thus and ſpoil,
I am *Chriſt*'s Spouſe, his undefiled One,
Canſt thou permit me to be trod upon;
'Tis by thy Grace I am Intitled ſo,
Great God relieve me, and divert my wo,
I am ſurrounded on all ſides with pain,
O let me ſee thy lovely ſmiles again.
Thou haſt withdrawn the beamings of thy grace,
And wrapt in clouds the ſplendor of thy Face;

O this

O this has caus'd ſuch anxious grief and ſmart,
As tears my Soul, and rends my very heart
To tears of bloud, whilſt thou the glorious Sun
Of light art hid: O whither ſhall I run,
For beams of comfort in this doleſome hour?
Whilſt I lye delug'd in this briniſh ſhower.
More would ſhe ſpeak, but her great paſſion ties
Her mournfull tongue: the Floud-gates of her eyes
In chryſtal ſtreams do repreſent an anguiſh,
That makes her vital operations languiſh.
Sunk in deſparing ſounds, ſhe ſcarce appears
To breath or live, but by her ſighs and tears.

Sion's Sons.

MOurn, mourn, O Heav'ns; and thou, O Earth [bewail,
And weep ye Saints, until your ſpirits fail,
For ſhe that is the glory of the Earth,
Of the moſt Noble and Illuſtrious Birth,
Lyes ſadly weltring in a deep deſpair,
Her grievous ſorrows, can no tongue declare,
O that our brethren would, but haſten hither
That in God's fear we may confer together,
You muſt needs grieve, when her complaints you [hear
Do not your hearts diſſolve into a tear?
Do not your Eyes like to a Fountain ſtream?
And all your Joys turn to a mourning Theam?
Does not your nightly reſt from you depart?
Are you not pierced to the very heart?
Are you not in the depth of bitterneſs,
Becauſe of *Sion* and her ſore diſtreſs?
How can your hearts delight in things below?
How can you ſleep in peace as others do?
How can we comfort have, or pleaſure find?
Or how can we the World's concernments mind?

How

How can we eat or drink with hearts content,
And not with grief poor *Sion*'s ſtate lament?
How can we bear our Mother's doleſull Cries,
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe languiſhes, ſhe dies;
In dreadfull Agonies, in bitter pain,
How can we brook her Enemies diſdain?
She is reproach'd by every drunken Sot,
And thrown away like to a broken Pot.
She is deſpis'd and trod upon like Dung,
The Drunkard on her makes his dayly Song:
But *Chriſt* will turn and will expoſtulate
The Caſe with *Sion*, touching her Eſtate.
Why art thou ſometimes up, then down again?
Sometimes at eaſe, ſometimes in bitter pain?
They'r doubtleſs throw's, chear up and do not fear
For thy deliverance is very near.
Thoſe lab'ring pangs ſhall ſpeedily be o'er,
Fear not, thou ſhalt not dye, one, or two more
Shall bring that Child into the World, which thou
Haſt travell'd with in bitter pangs till now.
Addreſs thy ſelf to God, for ſurely he
From theſe thy Tortures will deliver thee.
'Tis he alone that brings unto the birth,
And does give ſtrength and vigor to bring forth;
Then ſtay thy ſelf upon this bleſſed Lord,
His gratious help he will to thee afford,
Upon his Promiſes do thou depend,
And thou ſhalt ſee deliv'rance in the end.
Theſe words of comfort like a Cordial wrought
And to her ſenſes, mourning *Sion* brought,
With languiſh'd looks, ſhe caſts a weeping Eye
Upon her Children, and renews her Cry.

Sion.

I Am affraid my God hath me forsook,
My sighs he minds not, scarce bestows a look.
His former pity, he hath quite forgot,
His Anger's kindled, & his Wrath is hot; [mourn?
When that burns sore, How can I chuse but
How am I spoil'd? How am I rent and torn?
I'm like a Ship with raging Tempest tost
Midst Rocks and Sands, just ready to be lost:
Where ev'ry Billow does present a Grave,
And Death in Triumph rides on ev'ry Wave.
Ah! But I am engraven on his hand,
And in his sight for evermore shall stand.
Awake, O Arm of God, and do not stay,
My Sorrows are so great, O say not nay,
Hear me, Dear *Jesus*, unto thee I cry,
Unless thou save me, I must surely dy.

Christ.

IN glorious Regions of approachless light
Where Joys unmixt with perfect Love unite;
There do I sit, there do I see and hear
What Kings and Potentates consulting are,
Resounding in my Ears continually,
I hear a bitter and complaining Cry.
I feel my Bowels with compassion move,
And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love:
She whom I purchas'd with my deareſt bloud,
Seems drencht in Tears and drowned in a floud;
Some grievous Sorrow, or great Tribulation,
Extorts from her this dolefull Lamentation,
Enough to pierce my tender Heart again,
And make the Temple rend once more in twain.

Alas, poor *Sion!* thy ſad voice I hear,
I'll come and help thee, for I know thy fear,
And what occaſions theſe thy languid Moans,
I know thy Sorrow, and I hear thy Groans.
'Tis I can ſtill the bluſt'ring Winds and Seas,
And in thy greateſt Anguiſh give thee eaſe.
'Tis I can wound, and cure; I build, I break,
I kill, I make alive; I give and take
And can (if I think fit) make Nations ſhake,
And Kingdoms totter, reeling to and fro:
I, for thy ſake, ſtrange things will quickly doe.
In thy affliction, great diſtreſs and pain,
Of which thou doſt ſo grievouſly complain,
I am afflicted: What they doe to thee,
Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me;
I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,
Fear not therefore thy proudeſt Enemy.
Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,
All pow'r & wiſedom's mine; and I know how
To ſtrengthen thee, and make them all to bow.
I will ariſe and ſhew my Sovereignty;
I'll make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly;
Though with the Powers of Hell they have com-
I will purſue them, & they ſhall not find [bin'd
A hiding-place my vengeance to avoid,
Till by my fury they be all deſtroyed.
I will bring down each high and lofty head,
Their mighty ones like Mortar I wil tread
Thy cauſe I'll plead, though ſilent I have ſtood
I'll be reveng'd for all the righteous bloud,
That has run down like to a mighty floud.
And therefore now I'll make no long delay,
What's due to Juſtice, they ſhall ſurely pay;
Beſides the bloudy wrongs thou doſt repeat
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat

Me

Me to avenge their bloud, therefore I will
Come down in fury, and thoſe Monſters kill;
Then, thou before me very ſtrong ſhalt wax,
For I'll make thee my dreadfull Battle-Ax.
Thy Horn ſhall Iron be, & thy Hoof Braſs, [race.
With which thou ſhalt tread down the Serpent's
Thy Sons that ſcatter'd o'er the Earth throughout,
I will ſoon gather with a mighty ſhout.
The Mighty they ſhall overcome with Slings,
And bind in Fetters perſecuting Kings.
I'll lay thy Stones with Colours fair and ſure,
Thy ſtrong Foundation ſhall be Saphyrs pure:
Although I ſeem'd to have forſaken thee,
Yet, from all bondage I will will ſet thee free:
Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,
I'll turn my hand upon the bloudy Whore;
Becauſe thou doſt my holy Name profeſs,
I'll break in pieces them that thee oppreſs:
Arm'd with Commiſſion from the great *Jehove*,
I will come down, and all thy Griefs remove.
All Weapons form'd againſt my *Sion* ſhall
Unproſp'rous prove, for I will break them all.
I'll teach thy Children, give thee laſting Peace,
Converted Gentiles ſhall the Church increaſe.
Though wicked men with words do thee deride,
Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every ſide.
Each hungry Soul with plenty I will feed,
The Earth I will divide among thy Seed.
I've promis'd that they ſhall the World poſſeſs,
And will perform it now in Righteouſneſs.
I will deſcend unto my Holy Hill,
The Earth with knowledge I will quickly fill.
I will ſuppreſs all Luxury and Riot,
The *Heathen* in my preſence ſhall be quiet.
Above all Kings I ſhall exalted be,
And rule the Earth with Sovereign Majeſty.

When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,
Then thou in Beauty like a Queen ſhalt ſhine;
And with thy Children in ſweet Confort ſing
Triumphant Hallelujahs to our King.

Sion.

O Matchleſs Grace, and Love beyond degree!
Now I am certain there is none like Thee,
In Heav'n or Earth, were there ten thouſand more,
For thou haſt found a Salve for every Sore.
Tranſparted by thy Love, with Joy I cry,
My raviſht Spirit muſt exalt the high
And mighty Lord, by whoſe unbounded grace,
My heart's enlarg'd to run the bleſſed Race.
Thou ſhalt conduct me to the living Springs:
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings,
Unto the Heavenly Mount of Faith's *deſire,*
Where I thy Grace *and* Glory *will admire*:
Then I'll deſcend from thoſe *Abodes* above,
To be embraced in the *Arms of Love.*
I'll hold thee faſt, and never let thee go,
For by *thy Loſs*, O what a depth of Wo
Did I ſuſtain! In what a *dreadfull Caſe*
Was I, when thou didſt hide thy *glorious face!*
Thee having, though nought elſe, what have I not?
Without thee, though all elſe, what have I got?
Lord, having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
Without thee nothing is of worth to me;
All things are vile---when once compar'd to thee.
To be thy Portion, Lord, thou didſt me chuſe,
And thou my Portion art: I'll ne'er refuſe
So rich a Grace: thou art my Heritage,
Thou art a God of Love from Age to Age,
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee,
For thou alone, my Hiding-place ſhalt be.

In time of trouble and of fury great,
I will unto thy Holy Name retreat;
Which is a ſure defence to all that fly
With care and ſpeed from their iniquity.
When I was down, thou lift'ſt me up on high,
And I thy Name will therefore magnifie.
O Lord, with Patience I will undergo
Their indignation, for I well do know
I have provok't thy great and glorious Name,
Which is the cauſe that I do ſuffer ſhame;
Although at preſent I am low and mean,
Poor and deſpis'd, and ſo long time have been;
Thou canſt all Sorrows to thy *Sion* bleſs,
I therefore in thy Pleaſure acquieſce;
I'll wait upon thee till thou doſt ariſe
To break in pieces all mine Enemies:
My pretious Cauſe then I do leave with thee,
Which thou, O Lord, wilt ſurely plead for me;
Thy Voice is to my *raviſht Soul* ſo ſweet,
That I'm reviv'd, and *ſet upon my feet:*
I'll ſpeak thy *Praiſe in Songs*, becauſe I ſee
That *Glory* near, which thou haſt promiſ'd me.
And now thou *bloudy Whore*, thou art my Foe,
My *time's at hand*, which thou ſhalt quickly know.
My God has not forſaken me, for now
He will *advance me*, and make *thee to bow:*
Then ſhalt thou hide (for ſhame) thy *filthy head*,
Whilſt *I, in Triumph, ſhall upon thee tread*;
Becauſe ſo long thou haſt upon me trod,
And in *Contempt* haſt ſaid, *Where is thy God?*
He will therefore in Right *retaliate*,
And bring juſt *Vengeance* on thy curſed *Pate.*

Babylon.

POOR Sion! *thou art much mistaken;*
I'm mounted high, thou art forsaken:
Sure thou art Frantick, *when thou dost*
Make such a vain and groundless boast:
The final Conquest must be mine,
And swift Destruction must be thine;
For all my Wounds I've got a Cure,
From all your Darts *I am secure.*
I am arriv'd at hight of Bliss,
My Glory *in its* Zenith *is.*
I am a Queen, *and shall remain*
Supreme on Earth, *I onely reign*
In glitt'ring Grandeur *over all:*
Great Monarchs *me their* Mistress *call:*
How can I fall, when such a Prop
Supports, as my Lord God the POPE?
All men on earth his Vassals *are,*
Who sits in Peter's *Holy Chair;*
The Empire of the World *he hath,*
He keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.
Dost think he fears the little tricks
Of thy small brood of Hereticks?
He can make use (when he doth please)
Of Peter's Sword *as well as* Keys.
His Canons *roar as loud as* Guns,
To crush thy feeble, Pigmy-Sons.
Let but his Bulls *give an* Alarm,
He'll make all Christendom *to arm*
Themselves in my defence, *and work*
Thine Overthrow; *didst thou not lurk*
Some Hundred Years, *that none could see,*
Or know, what was become of thee?
He that could rend *thy force asunder,*
Has still the Strength *to keep thee under:*

He

He will thee in ſubjection keep,
So that thou ſhalt not dare to peep.
Am I not armed with the Power
Of all the Earth? *I can devour*
Your Int'reſt at a *ſingle Meſs,*
I have *fit Cooks ſuch* Meals *to dreſs;*
Th' Imperial *and the* Regal *Sword*
Are brandiſh'd when I give the word:
Great Princes, Dukes *and* Nobles *will*
With all their force *my* Mind *fulfill;*
My Gentry *who brave* Hero's *are,*
Reſolved be, no Pains *to ſpare;*
Their Very Lives *they'll freely* ſpend
To bring my Purpoſe *to an end;*
My Briſk Monſieurs, *my* Spaniſh Dons,
Will over-match *thy ſilly* Sons:
My Rogues in Grain, *I ready have,*
Obedient, like a Turkey-Slave:
If bid to thruſt their bloudy Knives
In throats of Fathers, Children, Wives,
In any's, *but their* own, *they'll do't,*
And lay them ſprawling at my Foot.
I've Teagues *and* Torys *at my Beck,*
Will wring their Heads *as* Chickens Neck;
Try'd Villains! that will never ſtart
From Mother's Womb *to tear the heart*
Of Unborn-Infants; *they'll deflour,*
Then rip her up in half an hour;
Faint Rogues *will melt with qualms of fears*
At Fathers Groans, or Mothers Tears;
But mine are void of any Senſe,
Not plagu'd with bawling Conſcience.
To ſome I give no conſtant pay,
Yet they can hunt and live by Prey.
Your Infants that (like Carps) *are ſtew'd*
In their own bloud, their Chops *have chew'd.*

Thy Father's Cawls *shall make a light*
For those Sweet Banquets of the Night.
What e'er my greedy Stomach *craves,*
But Nod, 'tis done, by ready Slaves:
They know no scruples *nor* dispute,
But act just like a Turkish *Mute.*
Besides all these, I could describe
Vast Musters *of my* Sacred *Tribe:*
My Clergy *makes a num'rous Host,*
That wait in swarms in every Coast.
Yea, e'en in all Rebellious Regions,
I have in secret *armed Legions:*
A great Grandee *my* Ensign *carries,*
The Jesuits *are my* Janisaries.
Thou see'st what Troops *do guard my* Chair,
What canst thou doe then, but despair?
Thou see'st me lodg'd in safe abode,
Whilst thou'rt forsaken by thy God.
He's doubtless pleas'd with my behaviour,
For I alone have got his Favour.
Th' Apocalyptick Prophecy
You falsely *do to me apply;*
For I from Sin *am washed clean;*
Thou art the Whore, *he there does mean:*
I am the Church, *and therefore I,*
Thy Threats, *Thy* GOD, *and* Thee defie.

Sion.

LEave off, leave off, thou *Bloudy minded Whore:*
Imagine not that thou shalt *Evermore*
Thus *domineer* in *Pomp and saucy Pride,*
For God, e'er long, thy *Rulers will divide.*
Those *Mighty Ones* in whom is *all thy Trust,*
Long shall not hold, but into *peices* must
Be surely broken: thou shalt *quickly* see
The *swift beginning* of thy *Misery.*

Those

Thoſe that did love thee *moſt*, will hate thee ſo,
That they will ſeek thy utter *Overthrow*;
As was their *love*, their *hatred* then will be,
And *to deſtroy thee* they will *all agree*.
Thou hatt *inſlav'd them* to thy *bruitiſh Luſt*,
Whilſt they (like *ſimple Fools*) in no wiſe durſt
Offend or croſs thy *baſe* and *bloudy mind*;
That they have been *bewitch'd*, they then will find,
By thine *alluring Voice*, and *luſtfull Eye*,
To join with thee in *black iniquity*.
Thy *Flatteries* ſhall *then no more deceive*;
Nor *thy baſe Whoredoms* Thouſands more bereave
Of *inward peace*, and *outward riches*, ſo
As they have been, to their *eternal Wo*:
Then ſhall they ſee thy *Villainous Intent*,
In *ſetting them* againſt the *Innocent*.
To *glut* thy baſe adulterous *deſire*,
Their *ſinfull hearts* were in a *flaming fire*,
And through the *inſtigation* of the *Devil*,
Became Partakers of this *monſtrous Evil*.

But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear
Some *dreadfull Noiſe!* See how the *Mountains* tear
And *mighty Hills* do into *pieces* fly;
Whilſt *Lightning* flaſhes through the *angry Sky*;
The *Stars* and *Planets* in confuſion hurl'd,
Have baniſh'd *Nature's* Order from the World.
See how the melting *Orbs* of Heaven ſweat,
Like Parchment parcht, and ſhrivel'd up with heat,
Loud *Thunder-cracks* through the *enraged Air*,
With frightfull Aſpects *Meteors* do appear,
To uſher in the Day of Heav'ns *dread Ire*
On thoſe, who do *againſt the Saints conſpire*.
God's (long incenſed) Majeſty is come
To judge the Whore, and paſs her final Doom.
Of *Treaſon* ſhe is under an *Attainder*,
For which *impartial Juſtice* will *arraign* her.

She's seiz'd upon, and *in the Jaylors hands*,
Who onely waits for *Justices Commands*.
Jehovah bids, that *Babylon* the Great
Be forthwith brought before his *Judgment-Seat*.

Justice.

MOst Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gainsay
What thou command'st? I must and will o-bey.
Lo, here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth
Before thee who createdst Heav'n and Earth:
Thy *Judgment-Seat* she seems to slight and scorn,
Saies she's as *guiltless as the Child unborn*.

Jeohvah.

HER *Crimes lay open, and her Facts declare,*
Turn up her Skirts, and let her Faults appear:
Let th' Universe by her Indictment *see*
The cause of my most just Severity.

Justice.

DRead *Sov'reign of the World!* I will proceed,
And will her *black Indictment* loudly reade.
Come forth, *Great Whore!* and hear your dismall charge,
Which shall by *proofs* be evidenc'd at large.
By th' Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,
And by the Name of *Whore* thou stand'st indicted.
Thou void of *Grace*, and God's most *Holy Fear*,
To *Satan's Machinations* didst adhere;
With him, to plot against thy Sov'reign Prince,
To whom thou ought'st to yield Preheminence.
In *Ancient times* he was thine onely *Spouse*,
(Our Holy Law no *Bigamy* allows)
Yet thou hast him perfidiously forsook,
And to thy self another Husband took;
And with a graceless *Impudence* art led
By thy lewd Train, to an *Adulterous Bed*.

Thou

Thou hast dethron'd him, and thy *brazen face*
Sets up a *Monstrous Traytor* in his place,
To whom thou hast blasphemous Titles given,
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven.*
Thou hast not onely play'd th' *Adultereſs,*
But plain *Idolatry* thou doſt profeſs;
Of *Treaſon, Murther, Theft,* (abhorred things!)
Of Burning Cities, Poiſoning of Kings,
Of Undermining States, and furthermore,
Of Spoiling Trade, and making Kingdoms poor,
Of Horrid Plots, of cauſeleſs bloudy Wars,
And of contriving cruel *Maſſacres,*
Thou guilty art; thy bloudy Rage has hurl'd
Millions of Innocents out of the World:
Prodigious Numbers have in divers Lands
Been *ſacrific'd* by thy bloud-thirſty hands.
Iuſatiate *Butcheries* that know no end!
Thou ſtabd'ſt men, when thou *Pity* didſt pretend.
In times of *Peace* thy horrid rage has ſhed
Bloud without Meaſure, thou haſt murthered
(Perfidious Wretch!) thy neareſt Neighbours when
They thought themſelves *the moſt ſecure of men,*
Thou haſt made *Currents of their guiltleſs bloud*
To run like *Waters* of a mighty Floud;
So void of Pity, your *inhumane rage*
Deſtroy'd the *Saints,* and ſpar'd no *Sex* nor *Age.*
Speak *Bloudy Whore, hold up thy Graceleſs Head,*
Guilty, or Not? By Law thou art to plead.

Babylon.

LOok down, Bleſt Virgin! and bid Juſtice *ſtay*
Speak to thy Son *to drive my* Foes *away:*
You Glorious Saints, who near St. Mary *ſtand,*
In my diſtreſs, lend me your helping hand.
All Angels, *and* Arch-Angels *I invoke,*
To ſtrengthen me, and to divert the Stroke:

Theſe

She's ſeiz'd upon, and *in the Jaylors hands*,
Who onely waits for *Juſtices Commands*.
Jehovah bids, that *Babylon* the Great
Be forthwith brought before his *Judgment-Seat*.

Juſtice.

MOſt Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gainſay
What thou command'ſt? I muſt and will o-
Lo, here I bring the *Scarlet Strumpet* forth (bey.
Before thee who createdſt Heav'n and Earth:
Thy *Judgment-Seat* ſhe ſeems to ſlight and ſcorn,
Saies ſhe's as *guiltleſs as the Child unborn*.

Jeohvah.

HER *Crimes lay open, and her Facts declare,*
Turn up her Skirts, and let her Faults appear:
Let th' Univerſe by her Indictment *ſee*
The cauſe of my moſt juſt Severity.

Juſtice.

DRead *Sov'reign of the World!* I will proceed,
And will her *black Indictment* loudly reade.
Come forth, *Great Whore!* and hear your diſmall
Which ſhall by *proofs* be evidenc'd at large. (*charge*,
By th' Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,
And by the Name of *Whore* thou ſtand'ſt indicted.
Thou void of *Grace*, and God's moſt *Holy Fear*,
To *Satan's Machinations* didſt adhere;
With him, to plot againſt thy Sov'reign Prince,
To whom thou ought'ſt to yield Preheminence.
In *Ancient times* he was thine onely *Spouſe*,
(Our Holy Law no *Bigamy* allows)
Yet thou haſt him perfidiouſly forſook,
And to thy ſelf another Husband took;
And with a graceleſs *Impudence* art led
By thy lewd Train, to an *Adulterous Bed*.

Thou

Thou hast dethron'd him, and thy *brazen face*
Sets up a *Monstrous Traytor* in his place,
To whom thou hast blasphemous Titles given,
Exalting him above the *God of Heaven.*
Thou hast not onely play'd th' *Adultereſs,*
But plain *Idolatry* thou dost profeſs;
Of *Treaſon, Murther, Theft,* (abhorred things!)
Of Burning Cities, Poiſoning of Kings,
Of Undermining States, and furthermore,
Of Spoiling Trade, and making Kingdoms poor,
Of Horrid Plots, of cauſeleſs bloudy Wars,
And of contriving cruel *Maſſacres,*
Thou guilty art; thy bloudy Rage has hurl'd
Millions of Innocents out of the World:
Prodigious Numbers have in divers Lands
Been *ſacrific'd* by thy bloud-thirſty hands.
Inſatiate *Butcheries* that know no end!
Thou ſtabd'ſt men, when thou *Pity* didſt pretend.
In times of *Peace* thy horrid rage has ſhed
Bloud without Meaſure, thou haſt murthered
(Perfidious Wretch!) thy neareſt Neighbours when
They thought themſelves *the moſt ſecure of men,*
Thou haſt made *Currents of their guiltleſs bloud*
To run like *Waters* of a mighty Floud;
So void of Pity, your *inhumane rage*
Deſtroy'd the *Saints,* and ſpar'd no *Sex* nor *Age.*
Speak *Bloudy Whore, hold up thy Graceleſs Head,*
Guilty, or Not? By Law thou art to plead.

Babylon.

LOok down, Bleſt Virgin! and bid Juſtice *ſtay*
Speak to thy Son *to drive my* Foes *away:*
You Glorious Saints, who near St. Mary *ſtand,*
In my diſtreſs, lend me your helping hand.
All Angels, *and* Arch-Angels *I invoke,*
To ſtrengthen me, and to divert the Stroke:

Theſe

These Hereticks *will work my Overthrow,*
I am amaz'd, I know not what to doe!

Beelzebub.

WHat needs my Darling *thus to stand & pause,*
Thou know'st the Custom of our Romish
Though black as Hell, *yet be not so forlorn*; (*Laws,*
Swear, that thou'rt guiltless, as the Child unborn.
What Violence to Hereticks *you doe,*
Is lawfull, honest, and your Duty too.

Justice.

PLead, *Vile Delinquent!* or thou shalt receive
The *Fatal Sentence* which I am to give.

Babylon.

I *Do affirm the* Charge is false, *and I*
All Points of this Indictment *do deny.*
Produce your Proofs, I'll stand in just Defence
Of my apparent, spotless Innocence.

Justice.

THAT, like a *Harlot*, of thine own accord,
Thou hast forsaken thine espoused Lord,
Will be made evident (to thy disgrace)
By clear *probation* in its proper place.
You say, that you your God can daily make,
Which is an Idol of a *Wafer-Cake.*
If thou dost *Shrines* and *Images* adore,
And prov'd to be th' *Apocalyptick Whore*;
If thou upon the *Scarlet Beast* dost sit,
And Lewdness with so many Kings commit;
It clearly follows from these *Marks*, that thou
Art a mere *Strumpet*, and hast broke thy *Vow.*
If thou art by the *Papal Edicts* led,
Disowning Christ, and making *that* thy Head:

The

The conſequence is clear, for thou muſt be
Guilty of *Whoredom* and *Idolatry.*
And, to examine thy notorious Deeds,
This great *Tribunal* out of hand proceeds:
Call in the Witneſſes———

Waldenſes.
Albigenſes.
Proteſtants of *Piedmont.*
Savoy, &c.

———*Dread Lord! we're here,*
And with our juſt Complaints *do now appear.*
That Bloudy *Whore*, the *Priſ'ner* at the *Bar*,
Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,
Becauſe we would not to her Idols *bow*,
Nor her curs'd Edicts *and* baſe pranks *allow.*
About the diſmal Year of *Fifty Five*,
A *dreadfull Maſſacre* ſhe did contrive
Within the Territories of *Savoy*,
Where thirty Thouſand Souls ſhe did deſtroy
In three days time, curs'd *Edicts* bid them turn
To *Popery*, or they muſt hang or burn.
Which when thoſe *Innocents* refus'd to doe,
Moſt horrid *Execution* did enſue; (beaten
Our Brethrens Brains out of their Heads were
And by her Imps were fry'd, and after eaten:
Our Children rent to peices, thrown to Dogs,
And our dear Paſtors flung (as Meat) to Hogs;
Others on Pikes into the Air were toſt,
And many others they alive did roaſt; (hearts,
Some ty'd with Ropes they pierc'd unto the
And hung up others by their *Secret Parts.*
Houſes and Barn-fulls they have burnt, ſo that
Our *Suff'rings* are beyond an *Eſtimate.*

Be-

Bohemia.
Germany.
Poland.
Lithuania, &c.

TO satisfie this cruel *Strumpets* Lust,
Some Thousands have been turned into Dust:
Our Towns and famous Cities of Renown
She hath dis-peopled, burnt or broken down:
The Ruines still appear and Desolations
In many places of our *spoiled Nations.*
Great Multitudes un-numbred were our Slain
Which in the Field unburied did remain:
Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam
And then consum'd them in a lingring flame.
Some she has into boiling Cauldrons put,
And many others into pieces cut,
Without respect unto the *Hoary* Head,
Into their *Throats* they powr'd down melted *Lead*;
And many other deaths she did contrive:
Some burned were, and others flead alive.
Into deep *Mines* three thousand Souls and more,
At several times were tumbled by this *Whore*;
Because they would not their *Religion* leave,
And unto *Romish Superstition* cleave,
That worthy Man *John Huss*, was burn'd to *death*,
For owning of the *Apostolick Faith*;
Jerom of *Prague*, to fill her *Measure* up,
She made, soon after, drink of the same *Cup.*
'Twere endless to enumerate our grief:
From thee, *Just Judge*, we do expect Relief.

France.

AH! How shall I my inward grief disclose!
What *Tongue* is able to recount my Woes?

Pro-

Prodigious numbers of my *Natives* have,
By this *Whores* means, found an untimely *Grave:*
The barb'rous *Harlot* would not be content,
To kill or drive them into *Banishment*;
But with unheard of *Cruelties* she must
Their Bodies *mangle*, to assuage her *Lust*;
Some hang'd in *Water*, yield their strangled *breath*;
Some brain'd on *Anvils*, some were *starv'd to death*;
Some haul'd with *Pullies*, till the *Top* they meet
With heavy Weights and Loads upon their feet.
Rape't Maidens stab'd, poor Infants yet unborn,
From Mother's Wombs by *bloudy hands* were torn.
How many thousand *guiltless Christians* were
Butcher'd in the *Parisian* Massacre?
Some broke on *Crosses*, some were cut in twain,
Whilst others languish in a lingring pain.
Our Worthy Kings have lost their *Noble Lives*
By *Jesuits Poisons*, and by *Monkish Knives*.
I can produce an uncontroll'd *Record*
Of many thousands murther'd by the *Sword*.
She thought it Favour so to give them Death;
In lingring Torments many lost their Breath:
In all that witty Horrour could invent,
Some added thousands to their Graves were sent.
And when the crimson Fountain seem'd drawn dry,
Desired Rest had scarcely clos'd mine Eye,
But loud Alarums made her from me fly.
A new-born Sorrow swell'd my Tide of grief,
New Plagues remov'd the Hopes of my relief.
A bloudy Monster, who no pitty knows,
She raised up to multiply my Woes.
A proud Insulter whom no Oaths can bind,
An arbitrary Tyrant unconfin'd
To ought but Cruelty, nurs'd up in Blood,
An Enemy to all that's Just and Good;

For-

Forgetting my dear Children fix'd his Throne,
Which Powerfull Factions ſtrove to tumble down:
Ingratefully he turns his Sword on them
That help'd him to my ill-plac'd Diadem.
And firſt, to pleaſe the *Scarlet Whore* of *Rome*,
My Miniſters to ſilence he did doom.
But that ſufficed not, her Rage was more,
A bloudy Vengeance ſhe has yet in ſtore:
The Sacred Edicts were revok'd, all Laws
Are broke that ſeem'd to favour their Juſt Cauſe;
All Royal Oaths and Sacred Ties are made
Mere Proſtitutes; my *Lambs* once thus betray'd;
Their Folds ſet open to the *Wolves* of prey,
Grown big with Murthers, howling night and day
For *Martyrs* Bloud, they then brook no reſtraint,
But ruffling on, whole Towns in Crimſon paint.
No Age nor Sex eſcape the Helliſh Train
That dare the Goſpel Purity maintain.
The Name of *Proteſtant* is ſo abhorr'd,
That 'tis a Crime in them, to ſerve the Lord.
The odious Name of *Hugonot* is given
To all that dare adore the King of Heaven:
No Truſts nor Places they to them allow,
Unleſs they will to curſed Idols bow;
Fall proſtrate to this wicked *Scarlet Punk*,
Whoſe Fornications make the Nations drunk:
This they refus'd, as Conſcience did command;
Then horrid Perſecutions ſpread my Land.
The *Whore* incites her ſpurious *Brat* to bend
His utmoſt Rage to make of them an end.
A Helliſh Crue of curſt Draggoons are ſent,
Like Locuſts, my dear Children to torment:
Theſe in all Places with a hideous Cry,
Bid them adore the Beaſt, or they muſt dye.
Whilſt *Babel's* Prieſts like *Satan's* Legions watch
To ruine Souls, and e'en Salvation grutch

To

To thoſe that ſeek it in the pureſt way;
For not content to make their Goods a prey,
Deſtroy their Stocks, and Houſes ſet on Fire,
A farther Rage their flinty Breaſts inſpire;
Upon their perſons then they exerciſe
Their Spleen, and in unheard of Cruelties
Out-do the barbarous Nations; Cries nor Tears
Of Infants, Widows, nor of aged years,
At all can move them; Torments are their Sport,
And ſtill new Orders, from their bloudy Court,
Give Fuel to their Rage, to ſwell it more,
Which was too helliſh of it ſelf before.
Infants are dragg'd from Breaſts where they were nurſt,
And into Monaſtries by force are thruſt,
There to be train'd up Drudges, and advance
A falſe Religion ſeal'd with Ignorance:
Their Parents to the utmoſt Torture put;
Some ſmoak'd to death, ſome into pieces cut;
Some naked roll'd on broken Glaſs, and ſome
Pinch'd and kept waking, till, quite overcome,
Life fail'd, and Death in kindneſs ſet them free,
Scorning to be out-done in Cruelty,
Grinn'd horribly, that Mortals durſt invent (ſent.
Worſe Plagues than e'er from his dark Land were
Some were hung up in Chimnies, there to roaſt,
The Feet of others at large Fires they toaſt:
Some into Wells inhumanely they threw,
And either Sexes bodies up they blew (ſhave,
With Bellows till they burſt; Grey Heads they
Both Hair and Skin; Some of their Wits bereave,
By forcing Kettles o'er their Heads, and round
With their Sword-hilts making perpetual ſound:
Others again had Wine pour'd down their Throats
Till drunk, againſt their wills, they then are brought

To

To Mass and Abjuration, and if back
They dare but look, the Torments of the Rack
They undergo, or Wheels their Bodies break.
Virgins and Wives are stript to make them Mirth,
And sometimes are in Pastime scourg'd to death.
Flight is deny'd to such as would remove,
And for Religion leave all else they love:
Those that attempt it, to dark dungeons thrown,
In Chains breath out their Souls, no pity's show'n
To Age or Sex, to high or low degree,
The Court and Cottage feel the dire Decree.
No Refuge Cities can their Grief assuage,
Hot Persecutions through the Kingdoms rage:
For Conscience 'tis the persecuted dye,
And yet this *Scarlet Strumpet* does deny
Them to be Christians, calls them Hereticks,
Because they hate her Anti-christian Tricks:
Though murthered by her Rage, no Burial they
Obtain, but are thrown out to Beasts of prey.
Thus they are us'd, till many tir'd at length
With new coin'd Torments beyond human strength,
Do seemingly with her false Church comply,
And with their Tongues, made give their Hearts the Lye.
The Ministers that scap'd from Banishment,
More cruel us'd, are to the Galleys sent:
Till within ten years past this fruitfull Land,
Thinner by Millons, is oblig'd to stand
Murther'd or fled from the Hell Tyrants hand,
Who with the *Whore* no Pastime counts so good,
As to be drunk with *Christ*'s dear Members bloud.
It would require whole *Volumes* to transcribe
The *bloudy acts* of this *Infernal Tribe*.
Deep dolour hinders what I would say more!
O *Glorious Judge!* avenge me on this *Whore*.

Italy.

Italy.
Spain.
Portugal.
Low-Countries, &c.

REnowned Judge! those *Witnesses* that have
Their *Grief* presented and do *Judgment* crave,
Save us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the same, from this bloud-thirsty Whore.
Besides, being next her *Seat*, and near her *Power*,
Her *greedy Jaws* our *Brethren* did devour
With cruel Spite, and *without intermission*,
We have been tortured in her *Inquisition*.
No *Tongue* can speak the *unexampl'd terrour*
Of that curst Pattern of *Infernal horrour*.
They count it mild, when they our *Persons* burn,
And *Wives* and *Children* into *Ashes* turn; (cut
They say they're *courteous* when our *Throats* they
Or when in *Dungeons* (vile as *Hell*) we're put
They say they favour us, when they employ
Their Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy.
In lingring Flames they did our Brethren roast,
On Halberts tops we saw our Infants toss't:
All this we've suffer'd, and a Thousand more,
And that by means of this Infernal Whore.

Ireland.

COuld deepest Grief receive Additions, I
Would give Examples of her Cruelty.
I can her in more monst'rous colours draw,
Than bloudy *Nero* or *Caligula*.
Those horrid Tortures, which my Brethren say
She exercis'd on them, the same I may

Affirm

Affirm t'have suffer'd, by the instigation
Of this vile Strumpet, whose Abomination
Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation:
Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin
Our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin
Unpardonable, if they durst to give
Quarter, or our Necessities relieve;
Some they stript Naked, then they bid them go
Through Bogs & Mountains in the Frost & Snow:
Men, Women, Children, then were butchered,
And all that spoke our Language punished;
The very Cattel, if of *English* breed,
They slasht and maugled, that they could not feed.
With joy, that *Romish* and rebellious Brood
Have washt their hands in martyr'd *English* bloud.
Thousands of naked Protestants that fled
From these *Barbarians* have been famished.
Their faithless Gentry, that pretended love,
Perswaded th' *English* that they would remove
Their Goods to them; Yet (once possession got)
They (like perfidious Wretches) cut their Throat.
Numbers of naked Women they did drive
Into a Barn, and burnt them all alive.
Each Sex and Age, that could not from them fly,
Did by these Bloud-hounds, without mercy die.
Once at the fatal Bridge of *Portladown*,
A thousand Souls these Miscreants did drown;
A couple (with five Children) first they hung,
And in a Hole th' expiring bodies flung;
The youngest on the Mothers breast did stick,
Crie *Mammy, Mammy*, yet is buried quick.
Some hackt to peices, travelling Women stripp'd,
And half-born Infants from their bellies ripp'd!
Which (with their Mothers) hungry Dogs did eat,
And Swine fed on them, as on common meat.

When

When ſome poor Souls in burning Houſes cry,
The Villains ſaid, *How ſweetly do they Fry:*
When holy Scripture in the flames did caſt,
They cry, *'Tis Hell-fire,* and a lovely blaſt;
That bleſſed Book, when ſome have trampled on,
They cry, *Plague on't, that has the miſchief done.*
They made poor Wives their Husbands bloud to ſpill,
And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill.
They forc'd the Son to ſtab his deareſt Mother,
And then one Brother to deſtroy the other.
Some they put faſt in Stocks, then teach a Brat
To rip them, and make Candles of their Fat.
How many Virgins did they raviſh firſt? (thirſt!
Then with their Hearts-bloud quench their eager
Some they did bury juſt unto the Head,
And left them on ſurrounding Graſs to feed.
Stuck faſt on Tenter-hooks grave Matrons were,
And Virgins hang'd up in their Mothers hair.
Some, with their ſmall Guts, then were forc'd to run
About a Tree, untill their Life was gone.
The Mouths of godly Miniſters they cut
Unto their Ears; betwixt their Jaws they put
A monſtrous Gag, then with a Romiſh Scoff
They bid them *preach, their Mouths were large enough.*
In theſe the Furies brag'd, that (to their joy)
They did Two hundred thouſand Souls deſtroy.
Since that indeed I had a time of Reſt,
And hop'd to be no more by her oppreſs'd.
But Ah! her perſecuting Rage purſu'd,
Again her hands are in my bloud imbru'd.
Rapine and Murthers freſhly make me bleed,
Opening thoſe Wounds that late from pain were freed
By ſovereign Balm; but once that Monarch dead,
Whoſe awfull preſence fill'd her Imps with dread,
She level'd all her Thunders at my Head.

My

My Friends were outed, and my Foes ſet up,
Such as th' Abominations of her Cup
Would freely quaff; aſpir'd to pull me down,
Back'd by her Agents too too near the Throne.
No ſooner ſhe the ſlackn'd Reins perceiv'd,
But me of all my Peace ſhe then bereav'd.
A roaring Rout of her Infernal Crew
To Ravagements and Rapines fiercely flew.
My Children pillag'd were in every part,
And forc'd to fly; nay, to increaſe my ſmart,
My Towns were fir'd, and where the Furies came,
My Surface ſeem'd but one great Field of Flame.
The Dungeons crouded were, where many dy'd,
And others they by Racks and Tortures try'd;
Whilſt ſome were wheedl'd out of Fear to join
With thoſe that wounded me in their Deſign
Of wading in my Bowels, there to ſtain
Their hand in bloud, and pile up heaps of ſlain,
The little ſtream that's left they ſought to drain.
At Murthers bold, though in an open fight,
Her Bandogs fly: The noiſe of Arms affright
Them to the Bogs and Mountains: And, being beat,
They ſcarcely think them any ſafe retreat.
Thus *Roman* Cowards onely dare inavde
The helpleſs, deſtitute of friendly Aid.
Unequal numbers did my Sons oppreſs,
And drove them for a time to ſad diſtreſs.
In beſieg'd *Derry* megar Famine rag'd,
By that, more than the Foe, they were ingag'd;
Till near nine Thouſand ſtoop'd to ſullen Death,
Whoſe Icie hands bereav'd them of their Breath.
But Heav'n delay'd not long to eaſe their pains,
A timely Succour freed the poor Remains,
And made the Anti-chriſtian Crew retire,
Who in retreating ſet my Towns on Fire.

As

As if corrupted Natives had not been
Enough to plague me, Swarms of *French* call'd in,
Deſtroy'd my pleaſant Places, and lay'd waſt
By Slaughter, Spoil and Plunder where they paſt;
Nay, the dire Lot to ruine me was caſt
A threatn'd Maſſacre hung o're my Head,
Which fill'd my Children with amaze and dread.
The Rivers ſwell'd with Bloud, they ſeem to ſee
As heretofore, and fly the Tragedie,
Leaving their Goods a wealthy Spoil, and me
Near deſolate, o'rewhelm'd in Miſerie,
To undergo this *Harlot*'s proud Decree.
A *Roman* Senate my good Laws controll'd,
My Liberties were all betray'd or ſold,
And *France*, for Copper, got my richeſt Gold.
Impoveriſh'd by ſuch ways they brought me low,
And bid me to this *Scarlet Strumpet* bow,
Or Fire and Fagots were for me in ſtore,
With Torments Mortals never try'd before.
But I, though faint and weak, did courage take,
Reſolv'd to dye e'er I'd my Spouſe forſake,
Prepar'd my ſelf to meet the worſt of Harms,
And face grim Death in all his ghaſtly Forms,
E'er I'd adulterate his Glorious Bed,
To whom by Faith and Love I'm firmly wed.
Whilſt this was in my thoughts, *Jehova* ſent
My *Faith's Defender*, who the Innocent
Protected with his Sword and mighty Name,
Scattering my Foes where e'er his Thunder came;
And bids me lift on high my drooping Head,
For now the danger from my Coaſt is fled.
My fainting Soul this raiſes, as a Ray [way,
Of Heavens bright Eye, the ſhades do chaſe a-
Whilſt routed Night retreats before the Day:
And glorious hopes inſpire my panting Breaſt,
That I ſhall ſee good days in Peace and Reſt.

But

But such are my deep Wounds, my fatal Scars,
Imprinted on me by these latter Wars,
That many years cannot my Loss repair,
How e'er Just Judge, I leave it to your Care:
And onely pray, as others did before,
For a just Sentence on this bloudy Whore.

Scotland.

O Monstrous horror! Oh abhorred sink
Of Villany! O bloudy Throats that drink
The Blouds of Innocents! which oft they quaft
As freely as a common Mornings Draught!
Thousands of mine were butcher'd by this Whore,
In that poor Nation, that has spoke before,
The sufferings of my guiltless Natives were
Equal with theirs in every little there.
Yet this bloud thirsty Curtezan of *Rome*,
Was not content, but tortur'd me at home. (nished,
Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some ba-
Some drown'd, and some in Dungeons murthered.
A sinking Grief forbids me to inlarge,
Or else with ease I'd aggravate her charge.
Since Gospel-Light did in my Borders shine,
She thirsted to destroy both me and mine.
Her Imps all parts, like filthy Locusts fill,
And such as they cannot delude, they kill.
Her Wolves put on the Habit of my Sheep,
And in their Folds destroy them as they sleep.
They have an art to work upon the weak,
That they God's Order should in pieces break;
Under pretences of reform'd Devotion,
They instigate the Rabble to Commotion;
That in those troubled Waters they may fish,
And bring about their long expected wish.
Their cursed Politicks have been employ'd,
To ruine those that they have so decoy'd.

A thou-

A thousand Forgeries they do invent,
To charge their Plots upon the innocent:
That (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)
Poor guiltless Saints the Victims may be made.
Strange Pollicies and Stratagems they try'd,
To turn my peacefull Sword into my side;
Till all my Veins were empty'd, that my Fall
A *Roman* Sacrifice *Baal*'s Priests might call:
How lately has her Scourge furrow'd my Back,
And left behind, her Rages bloudy Track.
Poor *Arguyl*'s Fate, and many hundred more,
Who came to rescue me, I must deplore,
And shed a Tear to wash away the bloud
Upon my Face which Eighty five saw shed.
After which time I well perceiv'd a Chain
Forg'd in *Rome*'s Conclave did my hands restrain,
My Laws and Liberties were at a stand,
Law spoke not of it self, but by Command:
And Liberty in substance scarce was found,
But as some Ghost, its shade was seen around
Its Tomb to hover, hoping to get in,
And so possess the dear lov'd Corpse again.
When my oppressed Children sought Relief,
Such as should succour them increas'd their grief:
Their tender Consciences none did regard,
But from their Rights, they were for Conscience barr'd.
And many into noisome Prisons cast,
Whence to Eternity a number past.
All Trusts of Note the *Roman* Fav'rites got,
Ingrost my Land, and with a Zeal as hot
As Indignation, to my Sons could burn;
They vow'd they should to *Rome* or Ruine turn:
And promising the long-wish'd day their own,
They labour'd true Religion to dethrone,
And plant Idolatry. The Harlots Cup
Of dire Abominations was set up.

Maſs-houſes, where Dagon has aboad,
Were as Afronts built by the Houſe of God.
The ſwearing Monks and Fryars croſt the Main,
Dire Locuſt like to eat me up again
As once they did when Ignorance had ſpread
The World, and into Blindneſs Millions lead,
Before the beaming Goſpel gave us light;
And Reformation purg'd out Errors night. (drain
But when they thought my Heart's laſt blond to
And ſink that little hope that did remain,
My Spouſe, who's with his Church unto the end,
Rais'd up, and ſent to my Relief a Friend
Who broke the mighty Project, baffl'd all
That had been hatching for my fatal fall.
The Cockatrices Neſt was open laid,
And all the brooded Serpents in't diſplaid.
But this the haughty Harlot took ſo ill,
That ſhe with War does perſecute me ſtill,
Herding her Imps with my rebellious brood,
Though beaten out, ſhe labours to intrude,
And ſpread her Miſchief, though for Miſchiefs ſake,
Without all hopes her former place to take.
Thus have I open'd ſomething of my Grief,
And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

England.

HAD I as many Tongues at my commands,
As *Argus* Eyes, *Briareus* had Hands;
I ſcarce could in a Century expreſs
One half of my unſpeakable diſtreſs!
In every Age I had ſome Sons of Light;
That would diſcover *Romes Egyptian* Night;
Yet they no ſooner on the Stage appear,
But that her Setting-dogs, like Blood-hounds, were
Upon the ſcent, and never left purſuit,
Untill to death they did them perſecute.

My

My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,
And on my Neck clapt her Tyrannick Yoke.
Vast Treasures from my Natives were extorted,
And to inrich her Exchequer transported.
Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annals, Peter-pence. (led,
And through each Land where she her Triumphs
Whose swarms of Locusts Priests and Friers fed,
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*)
Were faithfull Slaves still to promote her work.
Whilst to maintain these Drones, she swept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.
Such as would not be by her Witch-craft led
Were tortur'd, murther'd, burnt or massacred.
The Papal Beast could in a Frollick tell,
I was his Fountain inexhaustible.
She planted Priests, and Ganamedes she rooted,
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted,
With such a pest of vile Debaucheries,
As Pagans, Turks and Infidels outvies.
She crushes any that her Acts oppose;
My Kings she poisons, murthers or depose.
Some she deludes her Sov'reignty to own,
And does instruct them to betray the Crown.
Her lurking Imps do menace me with storms,
Like *Egypt*'s Frogs in pestilential swarms.
She is so greedy nothing will suffice,
Unless I'm more a general Sacrifice.
'Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways
She martyr'd Protestants in *Marian* days.
Then was I made a dismal Field of Bloud,
Which ran like currents of a swelling floud.
She stirs the *Spaniard* in a great bravado,
For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.
The hellish *Powder Treason* she prepares,
At once to blow up Commons, King and Peers.

Her helliſh Brands (without a ſpark of pity)
Conſum'd to Aſhes my Imperial City.
Nought but my Ruine her can ſatiate,
My Juſtices ſhe does aſſaſſinate.
For many years ſhe has been carrying on
A damn'd Intreague, for my deſtruction.
And all the ways that Satan prompts her to
Contrive my Fall, ſhe's ready ſtill to doe.
Her ſpite and malice nothing will abate,
It's ſtill more deadly and inveterate.
Dread Providence ſhall ever have my thanks,
That has defeated her infernal Pranks;
Yet my Complaint is juſt, and I therefore
Do beg juſt Sentence on this bloudy Whore.
When ſhe her Plots diſcover'd found, and all
The Train blown up, that was to make me fall.
Much like a Snake diveſted of her Sting,
She hiſt, and at me did her Poiſon fling;
Infecting ſecretly the Air, that Death
Might privately ſteal in, and ſeize my Breath.
Main force once baffl'd, ſhe to Slights repairs;
And firſt ſhe raiſes Jealouſies and Fears;
Broods ill miſtruſt, and makes my Sons to jar,
Again t'imbroil them in a Civil War.
But that not taking, other ways were ſought,
The Plots ſhe hatch'd, ſhe on their Heads has brought,
Suborning Evidence to turn the Scale,
Such Proſtitutes as with her Wind would ſail,
By bribing Gold and Harlots Smiles prevail;
Once ripe for miſchief, they were midwif'd in
In new invented Shapes, (The Man of Sin
With whom this Harlot does combine has more
Diſguiſes than old *Proteus* ever wore,)
Dreſt up I ſay with Bantlings of her own,
Were at the doors of my dear Children thrown:

And

And Out-cries made, that all might notice take
How near the danger was her self did make.
Her Vogue is credited, the Train takes fire,
And on the Score the Protestants expire.
By Executions rigid hand some fall;
Brave *Russel's* Fate, I as a Witness call
Mongst many others that resign'd their breath,
As given up to cloy the Jaws of death;
And made the Strumpet smile to see their blood,
Thus flow, that had her Projects most withstood.
In close confirement *Essex* lost his life,
Yet doubtfull how, nor ended soon this strife.
Others, I spare for brevity to name,
Owe to her Projects both their Death and Shame.
No sooner *CHARLES* had left our Hemesphere,
No sooner that great Star did disappear,
But she came riding rampant on her Beast,
And then the crimson Harvest was increast.
The West manur'd was with its Natives Gore,
Death ne'er had there so rioted before.
Three thousand to untimely Graves were sent,
Besides a number into Banishment.
With humane Flesh the Air was putrify'd,
For Burial to the Quarters was deny'd.
On Poles they rolled Sons before the door
Of weeping Parents, dy'd to please this Whore.
No mournfull Cries nor Lamentations mov'd
Her Factors; why? because the Blood they lov'd
Of her Opponents; and their Hearts had steel'd
Against all Mercy, those in Battle kill'd
Could not asswage their thirst, cool Blood destroy'd
More than the Sword; unthinking Souls decoy'd
Into the Snare, an equal Fate partake; (speak,
The Judge no Language then but Deaths could
Unless the Golden Angels chang'd his Note,
He that was poor the Hangman surely got.

Great *Monmouth* once the Nation's Darling ſet
In bloud; the City's Favorite met his fate
By ſtrangling; Charity was made a ſin,
And burning the Reward of taking in
Diſtreſſed Strangers; This point being gain'd,
My utter Ruine was the next remain'd.
A ſtanding Army kept my Sons in awe,
And Biaſs'd-Magiſtrates diſpenc'd with Law.
My Charters all were ſeiz'd, and by Commiſſion
My Prelates ſilenc'd, while *Rome*'s Superſtition
With open face into each corner ſpread,
E'en in the Seed-plots of my Church it bred:
And to eſtabliſh it a Swarm went forth
To regulate and turn out Men of worth.
Placing in truſt Mechanicks, that would pleaſe
The Court, and baſely ſell their Suffrages;
Betray my Int'reſt to my mortal Foes,
Whoſe aim was bent to multiply my Woes:
Who thinking by this means my Laws their own,
My Reverend Prelates were in Priſon thrown,
And try'd as vileſt Criminals, but here
Their Innocence and Heavens juſt Wrath appear
Like blazing Comets, to affright *Rome*'s Train.
My great Protector o'er the ſwelling Main
Guided by Providence, to doe me right,
Safely arrives, and puts my Foes to flight.
And all is baffl'd that they had deſign'd,
As Leaves are ſcatter'd by a mighty Wind.

The Evidence ſummed up.

O Gulf of horror! O profound Abyſs!
Was ever miſchief half ſo black as this!
Thou monſtrous Whore, what Language can expreſs
The boundleſs meaſure of thy wickedneſs.
Throughout the Earth thou haſt ſuch miſchief wrought,
As is amazing to a humane thought.

It

It would compel a heart of ſtone to melt,
When it revolves what Proteſtants *have felt.*
Thy bloudy fury and infernal rage,
Has perſecuted them in every age.
Thou madſt the Magiſtrates their Enemies,
And all the Tortures which thou could'ſt deviſe,
Thou didſt inflict, as teſtimony ſhows,
Some thou didſt hang by th' Head, ſome by the Toes,
Some millions thou didſt burn and broil on Coles,
And others ſtarve to death in ſtinking holes.
Some thou didſt cut to peices very ſmall,
And Infants Brains didſt daſh againſt the Wall
Upon their Bodies thou didſt tread like dung,
Thou hadſt no mercy upon old or young.
By thy curſed crew were Women raviſhed,
Who then (like Butchers) knockt them on the head.
Some had their Eyes and Tongues by thee pull'd out,
Some were made harborleſs, and forc'd about
To wander, till in Woods and diſmal Caves
They found their wofull and untimely Graves.
What rocky heart, but juſtly may admire
Thy rage, that made poor Children to ſet fire
To fatal piles, in which their Parents dear,
In cruel flames, conſum'd to aſhes were?
Thy wicked Agents have ſome Millions ſlain,
Who did endure the moſt inhumane pain
Thy Biſhops, Monks and Fryars could deviſe,
Whoſe bloud to me for ſpeedy Vengeance cries.
The waies thou took'ſt to run a Soul from error
Was unexampled fleſh-amazing terror
Of horrid Racks whereon a man muſt lie,
Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die.
Accurſed Wretch! didſt thou not give Commiſſion
For to erect thy bloudy Idquiſition;
That loathſome Dungeon and moſt ghaſtly Cell,
A place of horror repreſenting Hell,

Where nothing is ſo plentifull as Tears,
Where martyr'd Proteſtants can find no Ears
To hear their Cries and lamentable Moans,
Nor Hearts to pitty their extorted Groans;
Where Saints in torments all their daies muſt ſpend
Not knowing when their ſuff'rings will have end.
Thouſands by thee were in Bohemia *ſlain,*
Whoſe Carkaſſes unburied did remain.
Thou mad'ſt thy Vaſſals fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs penalty than their Damnation.
Didſt thou not promiſe upon that condition
To give them full and abſolute remiſſion?
The vileſt Wretch that on the Earth has ſtood,
You fully pardon'd, if he'd ſhed the bloud
Of one Bohemian; *O ſtupendious rage!*
Not to be parallel'd in any Age,
But by thy ſelf, 'twas judg'd De Alva's *Crime*
That he deſtroy'd no more in ſix years time
Than eighteen thouſand ſouls; were they ſo few
In the account of this bloud-thirſty Crew!
But if the Wretch (De Alva's) *bloudy Bill*
Came ſhort in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with torments dreadfull to rehearſe,
The very mention cannot chuſe but pierce
A marble Heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over-little ſtill,
His Predeceſſors did enlarge the Bill:
For from the time thy helliſh inquiſition
Did from the Devil firſt receive Commiſſion,
By cruel Tormants (which they ſtill retain)
There were a hundred fifty thouſand ſlain,
From that black ſeaſon, when the helliſh rage
Of Jeſuits acted on th' European Stage
In England, France, *in* Italy *and* Spain,
By thy accurſed bloudy hands were ſlain

Nine

Nine hundred thouſand ſouls, or thereabout,
(E'er many years had run their circuits out)
Of poor Americans *by cruel* Spain
In fifty years were many Millions ſlain.
The poor Waldenſes *whoſe enlighted Eye*
Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did eſpy.
Thou h..ſt with raging Perſecutions rent
And murther'd Parents with their innocent
And harmleſs Babes; thy more than barb'rous Crew
Their curſed hands did in their bloud imbrue;
At once were eighty Infants famiſhed,
And many thouſands baſely murthered.
When ſome have fled unto obſcureſt Caves,
Thy Villains made their hiding-place their Graves.
What part of Europe *now can make her boaſt,*
And ſay they have not taſted (to their coſt)
Of thy Malignity? What ſhall I ſay
Of Germany, *whoſe martyr'd Spirits prey*
For ſpeedy Vengeance on thy curſed head?
That Sea of bloud thou haſt in Ireland *ſhed,*
Cries night and day for Juſtice; now I fix
My ſerious thoughts upon black ſixty ſix,
Thou bloudy Strumpet, how canſt thou repair
The loſs of England's *great Imperial Chair?*
How many rich men were to beggars turn'd,
When that brave Iſle's Metropolis was burn'd
By thy accurſed Imps, Firebrands of Hell,
Incarnate Devils without parallel?
Brave Merchants of their great Eſtates bereft,
To day Rich men, to morrow nothing left;
Their Wives and Children harbourleſs became,
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the flame.
But to conclude, I have not yet forgot
Thy Powder-Treaſon, nor thy modern Plot,
Nor all thy diſmal Villanies that were
Done in the Merindolian *Maſſacre.*

Should I but recapitulate thy charge,
And speak of all thy Rogueries at large
'Twould fill vast Volumes; Often did I see
The Lord of Life was crucify'd by thee
When his dear Members bloud by thee was shed,
Millions un-numbred basely murthered.
Yet still thou hast the impudence to say,
That thou art innocent unto this day.
Thou shameless Curtezan, didst thou not run
With filthy Panders, and renounc'd the Son
Of Glory, this did thine Espousals break;
Canst thou deny it? shameless Strumpet, speak.

Babylon.

I Am the Mother-Church, and hence deny
That filthy name I am indicted by.
The odious Epithets of Scarlet Whore,
Is daily laid unjustly at my door.
I am Christ's Church, his Spouse and onely Love,
His undefiled One and spotless Dove.
Pray then forbear the Sentence, look about
To find that Whore and grand Delinquent out.
Bold Hereticks, who never would adhere,
To the true Faith and Apostolick Chair,
Have born my just rebukes, some more, some less,
As was their Pride, Rebellion, Wickedness.

Judge.

THou graceless Wretch, thou art bereft of shame,
How darst thou thus deny thy proper name.
Christ's Church, his Members never did annoy,
Nor persecute, and millions thus destroy.
'Tis to no purpose for thee to dispute,
For all thy Forgeries I can confute.
I am thy Judge, and never will pass by
Thy horrid Acts, and bloudy Villany.

The

The time's at hand when I'll fullfill my word,
And in juſt fury draw my glittering ſword.
My frown ſhall make thy proud foundation quake,
And all the pillars of thy houſe I'll ſhake.
Doſt think, becauſe I did forbear ſo long,
That I'll revenge not my dear Childrens wrong.
What I reſolve to doe or will command,
No Pope nor Devil can the ſame withſtand.
He that preſum'd great Monarchs to depoſe,
ſhall ſoon be tumbled down by ſome of thoſe
Whom he ſo cruſh'd; from Hell he did aſcend,
And thither ſhall be flung down in the end.
He'll ſurely fall and never riſe again;
The hope thou haſt of him is therefore vain.
There's no recalling of the Sentence gone,
Thy Execution day approaches on,
Thy Pardon-Merchants then ſhall cry and howl,
And thy Deſtruction (in thir ſort) condole.
'Illuſtrious City, thou wert great and fair,
'Moſt brave and ſumptuous e'en beyond compare.
'Alas! how quickly are thy Judgments come,
'Thy fall, thy ruin, and thy fatal doom.
'Our Trade is gone, our gainfull Merchandize
'Is loſt, and no man does regard our Cries.
'O ſad Deſtruction! we are all undone,
'What ſhall we doe, or whither ſhall we run?
'O that the Mountains and the Hills would cover
'Us, till the Vengeance of the Lord be over!

Truth.

MOſt glorious Judge, ſince this bold Whore
Her filthy Lewdneſs and Adulteries, (denies
Let me but prove it, and proclaim her ſhame,
'Tis known that I a faithfull Witneſs am.
It has been evidenc'd by Viſion clear
That ſomeſtrange Monſter ſhould on Earth appear

Which

Which by imperfect views did firſt amaze
Sagacious minds when they on it did gaze;
Which made mens Judgments to divide aſunder,
To ſee an Object of unuſual Wonder,
A Woman! City! and a Scarlet Whore!
The like on Earth was never ſeen before.
A Woman in her pompous glory dreſt,
And ſitting on a monſtrous horned Beaſt,
Who it decypher'd by prodigious things,
His very Horns (explain'd) are crowned Kings.
And then, this mighty Wonder to complete,
She's placed on a Seven-hilled Seat;
She's ſtyl'd a Woman, and a Whore, becauſe
She once ſubmitted to enacted Laws,
As other Women do, when they do wed
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriage-bed.
And who this Woman is, ſhall now be known,
Her proper Title is (Great *Babylon*)
Who in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,
Excelling haughty *Jezebel* in Pride;
Who in our modern times hath boaſting been,
Tho' ſhe rules all men, as a mighty Queen,
Trampling on Kings and crowned Potentates,
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths and States,
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey,
Preſſing the Beaſt, and Horns, to kill and ſlay
At ſuch a rate, as that all Chriſtendom
Like Butchers bloudy Shambles are become.
If by this Mark ſhe is not underſtood,
Neither by Garb, Beaſt, Actions, or by Bloud,
To other waies of proof I'll quickly come
And ſhew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.
The Woman which th' Apoſtle *John* beheld
Array'd in Purple, and in Pomp upheld
By that blaſphemous, ſcarlet colour'd Beaſt,
That was with Gold and Stones of value dreſt:

Hol-

Holding a Cup of full Abominations,
And black Pollutions of her Fornications;
That with Great Kings Adultery commits,
And on a Sev'n-hill'd Habitation ſits,
* The holy Angel of the Lord explains * *Rev.*
That 'tis that City which ſo proudly reigns 17. 18.
Over the Kings of th' Earth; but all theſe Notes,
And what beſides the bleſſed Spirit quotes,
With Papal *Rome* exactly do agree,
She therefore muſt this bloudy Strumpet be.
If all the Marks that of this Whore are given
Will not meet any where ſo plain and even
As on the Church and People I did name,
Then certainly ſhe is the very ſame.
Firſt then, 'tis evident, that there is none
May be ſo fitly ſtyled *Babylon.*
Was *Babylon* a People of Renown,
To that ſame height the Church of *Rome* is grown.
Had *Babylon* a great and Peerleſs King?
This Church can ſhew an Image of that thing.
Did *Babylon* poor *Iſrael* invade?
This Church on *Sion* the Same Invades made.
Did *Babylon* make *Salem* deſolate?
This hath brought *Sion* near to that Eſtate.
Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their Tears,
Shake Kingdoms, and fill Peoples hearts with fears?
This Church hath done ſo; yea, and far out-done
Her Arch-type, and ſo much beyond her run.
Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away
Into Captivity, and make a Prey
Of all the Treaſure that her hand could find?
This Papal Church is not a whit behind.
On th' ableſt Guides ſhe laid her helliſh hands,
Confining them to Priſon under Bands;
As if 'twere not enough for her to doe,
She ſeiz'd their Perſons, and their ſubſtance too.

Did

Did *Babylon* God's Worſhip over-throw,
Set up an Idol, and command to bow? (more,
This Church hath done the ſame, yea, and much
Fill'd heaped meaſure, and much running o'er.
'Twas ſhe that took the Word of God away,
And by a String of Beads taught men to pray.
She robb'd the Layety of the bleſſed Cup,
And ſpoil'd the Feaſt where Children come to ſup,
At the Lord's Table, where they us'd to mind
The bleſſed things their Saviour left behind.
She did ſet up her Superſtitious Maſs,
As rank an Idol as yet ever was;
Commanding adoration to be given
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;
Impoſing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith, and thouſand Superſtitions,
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;
She clogs the Conſcience, and to make all well,
Boaſts all her Dictates are Infallible.
Did *Babylon* the burning Work begin?
Make a hot Furnace? Thruſt God's Worthies in?
This Church herein hath driven ſuch a trade,
That thouſands, broiling Martyrs ſhe hath made.
She ſets the Pope above the Holy One,
The Great *Jehovah* and his Bleſſed Son.
'Tis ſhe declares him Univerſal Head,
'Tis ſhe forbids the *Bible* to be read.
'Tis ſhe that firſt did from the Faith depart,
'Tis ſhe that wounded *Sion* to the heart.
'Tis ſhe hath been the occaſion of all evil,
'Tis ſhe advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil.
'Tis ſhe that taught her Sons to ſwear and lie,
To vouch great Falſhoods, and plain Truths deny.
'Tis ſhe that did forbid the Marriage Bed,
Whilſt her vile Clergy ſuch ill Lives have led.

Was

Was it not ſhe that Canon did create,
Commanding plainly to abſtain from meat,
Which God gave licence unto all to eat,
If from this charge ſhe can her ſelf defend,
Then may ſhe make the Judge and Law her Friend,
Or if ſhe can produce another Tribe,
To whom we may this Character aſcribe;
With greater clearneſs than we do to her,
We will conſent her Sentence to defer.

Judge.

Rome, ſince thou canſt not make a fair defence,
And ſhew to all the World thine innocence,
'Tis very evident that all theſe things,
Have been fulfilled on Kingdoms and their Kings.
And now, if there no other People be,
That did the like, then thou alone art ſhe.
Let thy Denials trouble men no more,
Thou onely art the bloudy Scarlet Whore.
Therefore in Juſtice I at length am come,
(Being long provokt) to paſs thy final doom.

The Sentence.

ROME, *Thou haſt been indicted by the Name of* Myſtery, Babylon, Mother of Harlots, Scarlet-coloured Whore, *and* Falſe Church, *or* Pretended Spouſe of Jeſus Chriſt. *And found guilty of all theſe horrid and prodigious Crimes following:*

Thou didſt firſt fall from the Holy Religion *of God and his Son, which were eſtabliſhed and profeſſed in the* Apoſtles *time. Thou didſt ſet up the vile Monſter the* POPE, the Man of Sin, *that foul, blaſphemous* Beaſt. *Thou didſt moſt ſacrilegiouſly give thoſe Attributes and Titles to him, that belong*

long to Jehovah *and the Great* Emanuel. *Thou mad'ſt his Decrees in Wicked Councels, above the Laws of God, (the Univerſal Sovereign.) Thou haſt made void the Laws and Conſtitutions of the Goſpel, forming whole Nations into Churches; though the greateſt part do ſhew themſelves the worſt of Men. Thou haſt made Nurſeries of* Prieſts *and* vile Men, *and impowred them to take Confeſſions for Money, and forgive Sins. Thou haſt hypocritically abuſed all ſorts of People, by perſuading them that thou haſt power to heal their Souls here, and help them hereafter, by which curſed frauds thou haſt drawn a great part of the Riches of* Europe *into thine unhallowed hands. Thou haſt laid* Cloſe Siege *to the Courts of Princes, and drawn them into the higheſt ſtrains of Wickedneſs, to commit* Fornication, *promote* Idolatry, *and take away the lives of* Innocents. *Thou haſt lain in wait (where they would not fulfill thy bloudy and barbarous Luſts) to contrive* Treaſons, Sedition *and* Rebellion *againſt them, to depoſe and murther them by* Excommunications, Poiſons *and* Powder-Plots. *Thou haſt corrupted all Countries and Kingdoms (where thy power extended) by ſuch downright and abominable* Idolatries, *that* Heathens *themſelves were never guilty of worſe. Thou haſt not onely countenanced* Stews *and* Brothel-*Houſes, where abominable* Sodomy *and* Adulteries *are practiſed, but even thy very* Nunneries *are become Habitations of Whoredom and Filthineſs, the bottoms of whoſe Moats and Ponds have ſhewed the Murthers of New-born Babes. Thou haſt killed the beſt Men; thou haſt not ſpared delicate Women and ſucking Children. Thou haſt made away many Millions both of* Chriſtians *and poor* Heathens. *And after ſo Helliſh a ſort, that*

that the best learned Hearts and Tongues want Rhetorick *to set it forth; Thou hast cut them to pieces in cool Bloud, thou hast chained them to Stakes and burnt them. Thou hast ripped up Women with Child, and ravished Women and Maids——and then hast barbarously slain them——Thou hast been guilty of Burying alive, Roasting upon Spits, scalding with burning* Oil *and boiling Lead——Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun-Powder; thou hast made Women Widows, Children Fatherless; Houses and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou hast destroyed by Fire and Sword, and all manner of Hostilities and Outrages. Thou hast fomented Wars betwixt Kingdoms and Nations. Thou hast done thy endeavour to make all men Slaves, but thy own Tribe of* Cardinals, Arch-Bishops, Bishops, *&c. Thou hast murthered multitudes of Souls, as well as destroyed multitudes of Bodies. In short, Thou hast filled the Earth with Corruption and Violence, and loaded it with Oppression, and standest in the way of its promised Deliverance and Restitution. And for all this A*postacy, Oppressions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Treasons *and* Blasphemies, *with the guilt of a mighty* Mass of Innocent Bloud, *which hath been proved against thee, and from which thou canst not defend thy self, and for which, both by the Law of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughtest to suffer, thy* Sentence *therefore is*——

Thou shalt continue in safe Custody till the 1260 Years be expired, *(which is now very near)* and then thou shalt be taken from off the Beast, where thou art imperiously mounted, thy Golden Cup *(with which thou hast deceived the Nations)* shall

ſhall be taken out of thy hand, and by the Hand of God, the Horns of the Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou ſhalt have theſe Judgments come upon thee in one day, *Death, Mourning and Famine*, and thou ſhalt be utterly burnt with *Fire*, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and ſlain her Sovereign; At which all the Hoaſt of Saints and Angels ſhall ſay, *Amen*,

Hallelujah.

THE

THE *AUTHOR's* REQUEST.

I.

SOme things, Great God, my Soul doth long to have,
Before theſe tranſient days of mine be o'er;
Which things in deep humility I crave,
Before I go from hence, and be no more.
Till my Requeſts I can of thee obtain,
I ſhall be fill'd with ſorrow, grief and pain.

II.

Alas, my Griefs are now increaſed double!
O that thou would'ſt be pleas'd to hear, O Lord!
Then ſhould my Soul be free from inward trouble,
If what I humbly ask thou would'ſt afford:
Until thy Grace allows me my Requeſt,
I cannot ceaſe, nor give thee any reſt.

III.

'Tis not for fading Riches of this World,
Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry;
Such with a puff are oft to nothing hurl'd,
They get them Wings, and from Poſſeſſors fly.
All ſublunary things uncertain be;
I ask them not, ſome better thing I ſee.

IV.

IV.

'Tis not for Pleasures that are transitory,
Which fill vain Fancies with a foolish Joy;
But for some Glimpses of Diviner Glory,
Which my transported Soul longs to enjoy.
Can Riches, Honours, fading Pleasures give
The things I want, whilst on the Earth I live

V.

The things that I am longing to receive,
Most precious are; O let me humbly urge,
That thou thy presence unto me wouldst give,
My heart from sin that thou wouldst also purge
These are the things my never-ceasing Cry
Petitions for; Lord grant them e'er I die.

VI.

Thy presence does more consolate my heart,
Than sweetest Honey, or the Honey-Comb:
I will (with *Mary*) chuse the better part:
'Tis Sin my Soul would be deliver'd from:
Then I thy Name in Songs will magnifie,
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.

VII.

Let thy good Spirit be my blessed Guide,
And in thy House let me for ever dwell;
From Gospel Truths O let me never slide,
Nor find my Conscience like another Hell:
And I thy Name for evermore shall praise,
And happy be when I shall end my days.

VIII.

Lord, whatsoever my Estate is here,
With sweet Submission let me be content,

When

When I'm moſt troubled, than be thou moſt near,
And never from me thy dear ſelf abſent:
This will my proſtrate Spirit highly raiſe,
And if I ſuffer, to thy Name be praiſe.

IX.

Teach me, I pray thee, that Celeſtial Skill,
My Days to number, as thy Saints have done;
Let me ſtill yield unto thy bleſſed Will,
And wait upon thee till my Glaſs be run: (claim
So ſhall my raptur'd Tongue thy praiſe pro-
And ſing *Hoſanna's* to thy glorious Name.

X.

O regulate my Tongue, and make me ſee,
How few my days are, & how ſhort their length,
Let all my Truſt be ſtill repos'd in thee;
Relax thy Scourge, or add unto my ſtrength;
Be thou my way, my ſtrength, my light, that I
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.

XI.

When hungry, let thy *Manna* be my meat;
When circled in the dark, enlighten me;
When I am weary, O! be thou my Seat;
And when impriſon'd, do thou ſet me free:
So fill'd, enlighned, after ſweet repoſe,
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy Praiſe diſcloſe.

XII.

In time of Wrath, when Fury waxes great,
Be thou my Bulwark and ſecureſt Tower;
To thy tranſcending Name let me retreat,
And be defended by thy mighty Power.
Secure me till thy Vengeance is paſt over,
That I thy Praiſes may to all diſcover,

XIII.

XIII.

Let me with Patience run that blessed Race,
And from my weights, which very sore have bi
Be now set free, that with a swifter pace
I may the Prize of lasting Glory win.
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my Path,
Lord give me Patience, & with Patience Fait

XIV.

Thy Children are as (many) Members joyn'd,
Which make one body, whose blest Head thou ar
O cause them with an undivided mind
And perfect Union, to have all one Heart:
Then shall I hope to see a blest Increase
Of *Sion's* Glory, and of *Israel's* Peace.

XV.

Thy Children have in many things provok'd
Thee, but in Mercy pass Offences by.
By Grace, O Lord, let Judgment be revok'd
That they may live thy Name to magnifie;
And I thy Goodness will proclaim to all,
And warning take, lest I my self do fall.

XVI.

Remember *Sion* in her aking grief,
She mourns, she weeps, and is in inward pain
Do thou in Mercy send her such relief
That she (with cause) may never more complain
Then (not till then) my sorrows will be ove
And I thy Goodness will to all discover.

XVII.

O let thy Gospel through the Earth be spread!
Rome's black design, O let thy Grace prevent
Perm

Permit not them to grow into a Head,
As they have purpos'd, with a full intent.
Then shall I (quickned by a holy Flame)
Ascribe the Glory to thy Blessed Name.

XVIII.

I pray thee scatter our inraged Foes,
And baffle all who proudly have combin'd
Against thine Heritage, do thou expose
Them to be tost as Chaff before the Wind;
Preserve thy Flock from bloudy *Babel's* hand,
Establish Truth and Quiet in the Land.

XIX.

O God, whose dreadfull Judgments are severe,
And whose great Mercy's full of sweet compassi-
Destroy thy Churches Foes both far and near, (on
And grant to me the Joy of thy Salvation;
Then will I spend the Remnant of my days,
In Psalms of Thanks to thee, and Hymns of
(Praise.

XX.

Make hast to judge the Persecuting *Whore*,
Thy righteous Judgments quickly execute;
Let her so fall that she may rise no more.
O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earnest suit,
That I may see her fall before I die.
That I thy Name may therefore magnifie.

XXI.

O Lord, establish thine own Interest,
And set thy Son upon his blessed Throne;
Destroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beast,
Let Christ his Foes to conquer now go on,
That on the Top of *Sion* I may sing
Aloud, *Hosanna* to the Highest King.

XXII.

XXII.

What thou, O Lord, hast to thy *Sion* told
Of Blessings which thou hast for her in store:
Them once fulfill'd, O let mine Eyes behold,
And then let me go hence and be no more
In this disturbing World, but let me be
Translated to a blest Eternity.

XXIII.

In all the course of my short Pilgrimage,
Be thou my Load-star, let my heedfull Eye
Be fixt on thee, that when I leave the Stage,
I may be fitted and prepar'd to die;
That when this transitory life is o'er,
With Angels I may sing for evermore.

XXIV.

Whate'er of any Suit thou dost deny,
Grant me true Faith, that I may still believe
That through Christ's Ransome, when I come to dy
A glorious Crown from thee I shall receive.
O Lord of Hosts, vouchsafe me my request,
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will rest;
For having thee, all pretious things I have,
And in the World there's nothing else I crave.

A

AN ALARM To the Wise and Foolish VIRGINS.

I.

ALL you that fear the Lord, give Ear
To what I do indite,
There is a Cry, the Bridegroom's nigh,
'Tis near the midst of Night.

II.

Rouse up, awake, your Lamps to take,
And longer do not slumber;
You must them trim, to tend on him
Into the Wedding Chamber.

III.

You Virgins all, to you I call,
What Oil have you in store?
If you have none, you are undone,
Then look to it therefore.

IV.

Watch then alway, Our Lord doth say,
None knows the day nor hour;
Watch carefully, for you are nigh
The day of his great Power.

V.

With speed arise, lift up your Eyes,
The Day-Star doth appear,
Rise from your Bed, raise up your Head,
Redemption's very near.

VI.

Such as are wise, their time do prize,
Preparing for their Lord,
To them he will, his Word fulfill
And his sweet smiles afford.

VII.

But Fools do haste their times to waste
In sleep and slothfulness;
Yet such presume they shall assume
His Glory ne'er the less.

VIII.

But they indeed on fancies feed,
'Twill come to such an Ebb,
That they shall see their hopes will be
Like to the Spider's Web.

IX.

They still do keep themselves asleep,
And know not where they be,
Were they awake, how would they quake
Their wofull State to see?

X.

You who remain so very vain,
And in a formal state,
And all the while have got no Oil,
You'll mourn when 'tis too late.

XI.

You who profess, and not possess
The Truth in Life and Power;
Your state is bad, and will be sad
Before this day be o'er.

XII.

You have the Shel, but no Kernel,
The Chaff, but not the Wheat,
The Husks you take and do forsake
Your Souls most pretious Meat.

XIII.

'Tis the last day, O! therefore pray,
And faithfull now abide
Unto the Lord with one accord,
And be on the Lamb's side.

XIV.

Still have a care, and do not dare
In *Babel* to remain;
For if you do, then must you know,
With her you shall be slain.

XV.

Come, hast away without delay,
With all speed and endeavour,
Her End is come, her fatal Doom,
Therefore your Souls deliver.

XVI.

You now do hear, her Ruine's near,
Your Sins therefore forsake,
And you'll prevent the punishment
Of which she must partake.

XVII.

All her Pleasures and rich Treasures
Hate as monstrous evil,
God's Word doth shew, who love them doe,
Shall go unto the Devil.

XVIII.

You must remove, your deareſt Love
From Earth, and things thereof;
For this hath bin a crying Sin,
Now cast it therefore off.

XIX.

On things above, set all your Love,
Affections and desire;
These things below, God will o'erthrow
With his Consuming Fire.

XX.

Alas poor Souls! be not such Fools
To labour for the Wind,
The Wealth you heap, you shall not keep,
As you e'er long will find.

XXI.

You must not rest on Self-Int'rest,
But wholly for the Lord,
He'll else at last you surely blast,
According to his Word.

XXII.

There are some Men, cry loud, *When, when,*
Will thou in Glory come?
But few repent, or do relent,
And pray for his Kingdom.

XXIII.

XXIII.

But ſuch ſhall ſee, with them 'twill be
As when one 'ſcapes a Bear,
Which being gone, Lyons come on,
Which do in pieces tear.

XXIV.

Subdue your Sin; for it hath been
Your greateſt Enemy:
If that does reign, you ſtrive in vain;
You muſt it crucifie.

XXV.

In every Land, there's none ſhall ſtand
And happy be indeed,
But onely thoſe whom God hath choſe,
Who on Chriſt Jeſus feed.

XXVI.

O therefore cry continually
For Chriſt and pretious Grace,
That being bleſt, you all may reſt
When you have run your Race.

XXVII.

The great Bridegroom, when he doth come,
Will all ſuch entertain,
And you ſhall then be happy men,
And with him ever reign.

XXVIII.

He'll place you high in Majeſty,
Your honour ſhall excell;
And ſo I'll end, who am your Friend
And bid you all Farewell.

BABYLON FALLEN;

OR,

Sion's Mourning turned into Joy,

By being favourably relieved from

PERSECUTION, *&c.*

GReat God, How is my Wo to Gladneſs turn'd!
My Eys are dry'd that have ſome Ages mourn'd.
Thy Mercies are as boundleſs as thy Power,
Proud *Babylon*, that ſought me to devour,
Is fallen by thy juſt Decree, and I
Am rais'd again, that late was doom'd to dye.
Thy mighty Arm was bar'd for my Relief,
When Wave on Wave roll'd on to ſwell my grief.
One Miſchief back'd another, but in vain
Is Force or Pollicy, if thou ſuſtain.
Although through th' gloomy Vales of Death I go,
And fiery Demons ſeek my overthrow,
What ſhall I fear? If thou my Cauſe wilt fight,
No Plagues that fly by day, nor Shafts by night,
Can overwhelm me; they may make me bow
And ſicken with Affliction; but ſince Thou
Art my Phyſician, Where ſhall be my dread?
'Tis thou in death canſt raiſe me from the dead.
My Joy is full, Let Saints and Angels ſing
Triumph with *Sion* to her Sacred King:

Her

Her King and Spouſe: O! King of Glory come,
Receive thy Hand-maid, and conduct her home,
And place her in the Chambers of thy Love.
Come, King of Glory, take thy ſpotleſs Dove,
Who for thy ſake all Tribulation vies,
All bloudy Torments Satan can deviſe
I have out-fac'd, and Roman Rage deſpiſe.
Let rolling Seas of Thunder move before,
To make my Foes know thy Almighty Power,
When thou ariſeſt, to diſcomfit them
That from my Head would take my Diadem.
Let at thy preſence Earth's Foundations ſhake,
And trembling Nature in Convulſions quake
At thy dread Power, like Chaff before the Winde
Let my Foes fly, and no ſafe Refuge find.
Ariſe, O Lord, that art my ſole delight,
Thou King of Glory, and thou God of Might.
Thine Enemies, O Lord, are put to Rout
When once thy Arrows ſcatter'd are about
Their proud Pavillions. 'Tis the Prince alone
Who truſts in thee that firmly fits his Throne.
The Whore, the Beaſt, and the falſe Prophets go
To Realms of Weeping and eternal Woe:
In liquid, or in ſolid Fire to dwell
Is all the ſad variety of Hell.
Whilſt ſhe that keeps her wedlock Vow with thee
Rais'd by thy Power, eternal Life ſhall ſee
In endleſs Joys immenſe Felicitie.
E'en Joys of which my raviſh'd Soul comes ſhort,
No Tongue can tell the Glories of that Court
In which God dwells, where Cherubims reſort,
With all the glitt'ring Hoaſt, to which at laſt
Triumphant I ſhall riſe. The Winter's paſt.
Immortal Spring begins on me to ſmile,
Revives me after all my Care and Toil.

The Bridegroom's Voice is now heard in our land,
My Troops of Martyrs and Confessors stand
In blood-dipt-garments, waiting for the Sign,
That they may in the gen'ral Triumph join;
Longing to see the great Tribunal spread,
When Sea and Earth must render up their Dead.
The craving-stomach'd Grave no more contain
The glorious Warriours in my Battels slain,
Who gain'd by falling in the sacred Strife,
To stand recorded in the Book of Life.
For he that honours him to whom I'm wed
Shall rise again, and live although he's dead.
The holy City, New *Jerusalem*,
Shall be his Portion; there a Diadem,
A Crown of Stars, shall brighten on his brow
With all the Pomp Celestial Realms allow:
God's Glory there in unapproached Light
Shall dry all Tears, and Sorrows put to flight.
Could all that Earth calls good in one combine,
Cou'd all to make one happy moment join, (shine.
They, like night Glow-worms, to the Sun would
There Fulness dwels, & streams of pleasure flow,
And, in possessing, more transcendent grow.
Rivers of Life stream there, eternal Spring
Blooms in Perfection, there Glad Angels bring
Ambrosial Nectar, Manna's scatter'd there,
And Angel's food shall be my Childrens fare.
Whilst I, a Queen, shall sit the Lamb's dear Bride,
And with him on the Wings of Cherubs ride
O'er glitt'ring Pavements all with Gold bestead
And raid'ent Glances from his Eyes o'er-spread
In beaming Glory my exalted Head.
The Son of Righteousness, my Sacred King,
Shall me into his Bridal-chamber bring,
And my Redeem'd, Eternal free from Cares,
Shall mount with me above the glitt'ring Stars.

Whilst

Whilſt ſhadowing Seraphims wing all the way,
And to each other ſhall with wonder ſay,
Who's this that from the Wilderneſs does come,
Whom her Beloved brings in triumph home,
Leaning upon his Breaſt? Ah! 'Tis his Spouſe,
To whom his choiceſt Favours he allows;
She whom he purchas'd with his yielded breath,
And prov'd his Love to her more ſtrong than death.
For her his Father's Wrath he underwent,
Whoſe ſhock the World would have in ſhivers rent;
Yet he with Meekneſs bore the mighty weight,
Which ſeem'd to crack the moving wheels of Fate:
Made Nature ſtart, the Sun draw in his light,
And muffle up the World in a ſubſtantial night.
Whilſt the convulſive Globe, teeming with Fire,
And fighting Winds ſickn'd in Labour dire,
With Earthquakes groan'd, as if ſhe would expire
Breaking with ſighs the flinty Nerves of Rocks,
Op'ned by force her Adamantine Locks,
And weeping Rivers, breath'd a dolefull Cry,
To ſee for Love the King of Glory dy.
Th' affrighted Dead Death's gloomy Kingdom left,
And Pyramids of ſollid Marble cleft,
To re-ſalute the Day, glad to eſpy
The dear effects of their Redemption nigh:
Yet in ſad Pomp ſome Grief at leaſt they ſhow,
That for man's Sins he who no ſin did know
Should let his rich Redeeming-bloud thus flow;
And would have ſtarted at ſuch Love on Earth,
Had they not known it of celeſtial birth.
Thus to his Court with Praiſe and Glory ſpread,
I ſhall be in my beſt Eſpouſals lead.
The faireſt of ten thouſand ſhall embrace
Me in his ſoft Recumbency, whoſe Face,

Tho' dazling bright ſhall not o'erpower mine eys
For in himſelf my grand perfection lies,
Nothing but Glory can from thence ariſe.
That Terror chang'd to Mildneſs I ſhall find
Which drove impetuous as a ſtormy Wind.
Miriads of rebel Angels to the Abyſs,
Who proudly durſt aſpire to mate his bliſs,
Gloomy as night his Wrath on them he bent,
Graſping ten thouſand Thunders which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their Souls made Scars,
And wither'd all their Strength. In vain in Wars
They ſtrove againſt his Force, and now deſire
Nothing but ſhelter from his burning Ire.
Caſt from the Chryſtal Battlements of Light,
Into the wrathfull Plagues of endleſs Night,
Where Sorrow dwells, where Envy and Deſpair
Howl with pale Horrors, and yet worſe they fear:
Shut in a Habitation fraught with flame
Unquenchable, a Houſe of woe and pain.
But why upon this melancholy Theam,
Dwell I, who am ſo high in his Eſteem?
O let not Mortals of him raſhly deem,
Who is to me all Love; and yet to attain
The depth of his Eternal ways is vain
For man to think, all humane thoughts come ſhort,
And Reaſons loſt, that dare ſuch Wiſedom court.
Supreme of things, who in himſelf is pure;
Without defect, eternally ſecure.
Centre of bleſſedneſs, yet here you ſee
He ſometimes thinks affliction good for me,
That I may know my ſelf, and him my Guide,
And not a Wanton prove, but humble Bride.
So a kind Mother lets her Darling run
To dangers brink, which he could never ſhun

With-

Without her timely aid. Then to indear
The more her Love, ſhe ſnatches him from Fear
And makes him ſenſible of a maternal Care.
Come all my Children then, with me rejoice,
Lift up aloud with praiſe your organ Voice.
Let Heav'n and Earth join their ſweet Chorus here,
And all the ſhouting Sons of Morn appear:
Let all the Stars that guild with gaudy Fire
The Saphire Arch my Spouſe's Love admire,
Who raiſes me, and with me all my Sons
To reign with him in vaſt Dominions.
Manſions he has prepar'd for his Elect,
And as he has deliver'd, he'll protect.

Sion's Sons.

MOther, your Voice has raviſh'd us, and we
Now find our ſelves from Woes and Dangers free;
Deſtroying Angels hover now no more
About our Tents, the bloudy ſtorm is o'er.
Rome's perſecuting Rage at laſt is ſpent,
And Comfort from God's holy Hill is ſent,
To give refreſhment to our drooping Souls,
No Papal Curb, your ſacred Rules controlls.
Of earthly *Canaan* now we are poſſeſt,
And onely wait for Heav'n to make us bleſt,
So lov'd us the Celeſtical King, that he
Gave us a Monarch, that by his Decree,
Struck off our Chains, and once more ſet us free.
A Prince, by Fate ordain'd to doe us good,
And ſave the Remnant of our unſhed bloud.
Like *Moſes* in the Gap, he bravely ſtands,
And ſtays the bold deſtroying Angel's hands;
Turns back the Sword upon invading Foes,
And where he puſhes on, he overthrows.
Lightning his Courage, breathes in our defence,
As when our Parents loſt firſt Innocence,

The

The Cherub wav'd the flaming Sword about
The Gates of Paradiſe, to keep them out.
Where e'er he darts his Thunder, in the Fight,
Fame leads the left Wing, Victory the right.
Whilſt Honour and immortal Glory fly
Circling about hit Standard, and employ
Their utmoſt skill, a Trophy ſo to frame,
As may till time is ſwallow'd up proclaim
His mighty Triumphs, and embalm his Name.
From Shoar to Shoar the Sound of Fame is gone,
Yet that's too poor, it travels with the Sun:
Both Poles it trepidates, and dints the Globe;
And with a ſteady hand graſps Fortune's Robe:
Chains her to his victorious Chariot Wheel,
Whilſt, wanting her, ſucceſleſs Nations reel.
To him War yields where e'er he bends his brow,
And thoſe that knew no pitty humbly bow,
And beg ſuch Treatment as he will allow.
Victorious Lawrels ſprout, and green his way
With Wreaths of Triumph; rapid Waves can't ſtay
His conqu'ring Arms, all Elements obey; (ſtay
As when old *Jacob*'s Seed o'er *Jordan* paſt,
The Rivers Stream was to its Fountain caſt.
Nature prepoſt'rous in her Work was found,
And covering Waters ſhrunk, and left dry ground
As a free Paſſage, for where God commands
No Element in oppoſition ſtands.
Earth, Air, and Water, Fire it ſelf gives way,
All, but Mankind, with readineſs obey.
'Tis Man ſtands out, of all created things,
Each Creature elſe expected Tribute brings;
Anſwers the End of its Creator's will,
And does its Task as its aſſign'd fulfill.
Whilſt Man, whoſe higheſt ſet, durſt vainly fall,
And was too proud of being rational.

But

But why in Trifles do we ſpend the day,
Since higher Glories call our Thoughts away?
Heaven is our Aim, our Travel we begin,
And muſt paſs on to the Celeſtial Inn,
Where all Proviſions made to entertain
Thoſe that can faithfull unto Death remain.
Unſpeakable Delights are fix'd for thoſe (cloſe:
That ſtand their Ground, and won't with Errour
Who in all times no Threats nor Fear can move,
To turn Apoſtates to their plighted Love;
To whom all things below ſeem but as Droſs;
Who count this World compar'd with Heaven but
Refined Souls, that centre not their Bliſs (Loſs.
Beneath the Orb of endleſs happineſs.
Who will not play for Trifles, but will make
Eternal Life and Glory their chief Stake.
No Crowns nor earthly Honour can ſuffice,
Zeal ſpurs them on, and bids their Thoughts ariſe
To more ſublime Deſigns, the Soul's main End;
Which being of Heavenly birth, muſt thither tend.
And what can an immortal Soul doe leſs,
Than aim at things that Mortals can't expreſs!
Glories that Reaſon ſickens to believe,
Such Joys as fleſhly hearts cannot conceive,
Laid up for thoſe that love the Morning-ſtar,
Whoſe bright redeeming Luſtre darts from far.
The Roſe of *Sharon*, who does freſh remain;
The Lamb of Life, from Earth's foundation ſlain;
Who ſtands upon Mount *Sion*, to invite
All thoſe to him that lead their Lives aright.
And as their Paſs-port gives them the white Stone
In which a Name is writ to all unknown,
Unleſs the Bearer, and ſo arms his heart,
That from him Troops of vengefull Demons ſtart;
And give him uncontrolled way to mount,
And ſip the Nectar of Life's ſacred Fount;

Baffles

Baffles Hell's Legions, and confound their Spite
Hatch'd against Souls in ever-during Night;
Heals with his Stripes our Wounds, and sets us free
From Death's dark Kingdom, endless Joys to see.
Though for a while we suffer'd, yet at last
Our Sorrow ends, behind us Woe is cast.
The crafty Foxes and the foaming Boar
Are barr'd our Vineyard, and shall spoil no more.
No more pluck off the Branches of our Vine,
Or by rough rooting *Sion* undermine.
Nor Pollicy nor Force can gain the Field
When we fight sheltered under Heaven's Shield.
Our Foes may snarl, but dispossess'd of power,
No more our pleasant places shall devour.
Each now beneath his shade may sit at ease,
Fearless of Foes, if he his Maker please.
And who would not adore him, who from harm
Has rescu'd us with an outstretched Arm?
O Heaven and Earth, and all the mighty Frame,
Ye Seas and Winds, and bright careering Flame;
Ye bellowing Thunders and big-swollen Clouds,
Ye Hail and Frost, and shivering Snow that shrouds
The World in fleecy Whiteness, every thing
That is or breathes, your tribute praises bring!
Sing loud *Hosanna's* to the God of might
Who takes our part, and does our Battles fight,
Scatters his Arrows, puts our Foes to flight.
Raise, raise your Voices, till they drown the noise
Of loud-mouth'd Cannons, or the Thunder's voice.
With Praises storm the Skys; nay, yet rise higher;
Reach his bright Throne, who sits in dazling fire,
In Light that dazles the bright Cherubims,
And makes them veil their Faces with their Wings.
Though cloath'd with Light, their Eyes are weak in this,
And dimm'd with Radience that too mighty is.

As

As when admiring Mortals too much gaze
Upon the Sun in its Meridian Blaze,
Find for a time its Beams o'er-power their sight,
And all things round them seem to dwell in night,
Or in a mist. Let us fall down before
His mighty Footstool, and with Praise adore
The King eternal, who so loved Man,
That for his Ransome he gave up his Son:
And with him has to true Believers given
All things requir'd in Earth and all in Heaven.
True Light of Lights, true Life of Lifes, he's found
To banish Nature's darkness, cure the Wound
The fatal Serpent gave in Paradise,
When Man first listen'd to Hell's dire Advice:
When Envy wrought in the lost Angel's mind,
That all like him might endless ruin find.
Yet by his Malice, what did he procure,
But stronger Chains to bind Damnation sure?

Sion's Friend.

WHat changed Notes are these invade my Ear?
The late sad Sounds like Musick now appear.
Sion and her Children raise their Voice
From dolefull Tones, and cordially rejoice.
I'll ask the Cause of such a sudden change,
To what it tends, and be no longer strange
To her Affairs, who shares so much my Breast,
And's of my Love, as I of hers, possest.
Great Queen! To you my Salutations bend,
And all good Wishes on your State attend.
It joys me to behold your Face grow bright,
These Clouds of Cares & Sorrows put to flight
That lately made a melancholy night.
Say, what's the mighty Cause, that being known,
My Soul may be with equal Tides o'erflown.

Sion.

Sion.

O Friend, with me new Robes of Joy put on!
My Winter's paſt, the threatning Storms are gon.
Bleak Winds retire, the ſmiling Spring is come,
My Spices in their fragrant Beauty bloom:
The cherfull Birds tune now their warbling Notes
And ſend a pleaſing Quaver from their Throats.
Soft *Zepher* breathes Perfumes, and all is ſeen
Enamel'd o'er upon a ground of Green.
The nipping Froſt from me has made retreat,
Reviving Rays afford me kindly heat.
Ambroſial Flowers appear now in our Iſle,
And modeſt Glories ſeem on me to ſmile.
The Wolves and Beaſts of prey that durſt affright
Me and my Children, now are put to flight,
And unimploy'd, their Projects skulk from day,
That they durſt boldly for my Ruin lay.
My Sighs and Groans have pierc'd the willing Skys
And made, in my defence, that God ariſe:
At whoſe approach the Marble mountains skip,
Whoſe angry Looks dry up the ſwelling Deep;
And in his Fiſt can hold the ſtrugling Wind,
Who rears the humble, curbs the haughty Mind,
Whoſe Will is Fate, whoſe Power is unconfin'd.

Sion's Friend.

HOw came this ſudden Change to dry your tears
And baniſh from you Legions of ſad fears?
At which, though valiant, you late trembling ſtood,
As apprehending Deluges of Bloud (ſide,
Would ſtream again from your long wounded
And o'r your Head the *Scarlet Strumpet* ride,
Glitt'ring more gaudy in her impious Pride.

Sion.

Sion.

MY God, who never ſlumbers, (in's ſublime
Eternal Wiſedom) thought it now the time
To raiſe my Head, and huſh my waſtfull Woes,
To lift me up above my mighty Foes. (way
He bow'd the Heavens, the routed Clouds gave
At his Approach, before him march'd Diſmay,
Fear and Aſtoniſhment, who fill'd each Breaſt
That Lawleſly had Laws and me oppreſt.
Too late Remorſe with him was ſet aſide,
The Winds and Waves conſent to curb their Pride.
For at his Word both Elements obey
To make his Darling fav'rite Prince a way
O're ſwelling Flouds, whoſe Sword unfelt, to flight
Put thoſe that threten'd me, and ſet me right
In what was taken or purloin'd; his Name
Gain'd Towns and Armies e'er the breath of Fame
Could ſound his coming; to the fartheſt Shoar
This is the Monarch did my Joys reſtore,
Blaz'd like a Comet o'er each guilty Head,
And Joy into the Hearts of good Men ſpread.
Nay further, puſhing on War's glorious Toil,
Late bleeding *Ireland's* reſcu'd from the Spoil.
The Foe's o'erthrown by dint of Sword in rout,
And, yielding Towns, no longer dare hold-out.
The ſwelling *French-man* ſpent his Stores in vain
As well on Land, as on the watery Plain:
Theſe to a Monarch's Vertues needs muſt yield,
When ſhelter'd Nations fight behind his Shield;
To whoſe relieving Sword *Victoria's* ty'd;
A King oft in War's rougheſt Dangers try'd.
For ſtill when he wou'd brave Exploits aſſume,
Fortune delay'd not, but was proud to come,
And ſend him with triumphant Lawrels home.

The

The Queen too bears in this a Royal ſhare,
Good as ſhe's Great, and Vertuous as Fair,
To me and mine a bleſt indulgent Pair.
Yet let's look up from whence theſe Bleſſings ſpring,
That we may ſee how the Celeſtial King
Has ſhadow'd us beneath his out-ſpread Wing.
Let's anthem forth his Praiſe, that all may hear,
And put on Holy, Reverential Fear.

An Anthem ſung in Chorus

BY

Sion, her Sons and Friends.

I.

HOW excellent, O Lord's, thy holy Name
In all the Earth! Who can thy Wonders tell!
They are not bounded in the breath of Fame,
Nor on the tongues of Mortals can they dwell.

II.

O raiſe our Thoughts, and let our Souls aſcend,
That we may truly know, without thy aid,
We cannot 'ſcape thoſe darts that Hell does ſend
From cruel hands, to make our Spirits fade.

III.

But if thou lead'ſt, we'll follow fearleſs through
The vales of death; no danger ſhall affright,
Nor terrors our undaunted Souls ſubdue;
For with thee darkneſs is as noon-day light.

IV.

Therefore to thee be Glory, Might and Power,
Praiſe, Majeſty, Dominion, endleſs Bliſs,
Who do'ſt on us perpetual Favours ſhower,
And crown'ſt thy Servants with true happineſs.

FINIS.